

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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AN INCIDENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.—A FUNERAL CORTÈGE AT ONCE SAD AND NOVEL.
FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 118.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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\$500 REWARD.

INFORMATION reaches us from nearly every State of the Union that agents claiming to represent the PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FRANK LESLIE, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co.," are collecting subscriptions for various publications. In some cases these agents, as if to emphasize their claims, use a stamp in signing the name of "Frank Leslie" to their receipts. We again distinctly warn the public that the PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FRANK LESLIE (of which Mrs. Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents or representatives, and that there is no such firm in this city as "Frank Leslie & Co." All persons using the name of the FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such liable to punishment. We will pay a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of any person thus fraudulently claiming to represent this House. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 63, 65 and 67 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

AMERICAN PRISONERS IN IRELAND.

IT is the natural impulse of a strong nation to protect its citizens in any quarter of the world. But the stronger and more civilized a nation is, the more careful it will be not to push such protection beyond just and well-recognized limits. What is just, and what are the proper limits in any given case, are always difficult questions. During the Seminole War, in 1818, General Jackson captured Arbuthnot, a Scotchman, and Ambrister, also a British subject, engaged in inciting the Indians in Florida to revolt and furnishing them with supplies. They were tried by court-martial, and Arbuthnot was condemned to death, and Ambrister to fifty stripes on the bare back and twelve months' confinement at hard labor with a ball and chain. General Jackson disapproved the sentence of the latter, and ordered both to be executed, which was done forthwith. This action was fiercely denounced in this country, and furnished a supply of political ammunition for Jackson's enemies for many years; but it made no special excitement in Great Britain. It was quoted in Parliament, it is true, but the Ministers took the ground that if British subjects voluntarily involved themselves in the quarrels of other nations, they must take the consequences and not expect the Government to interfere. But the British lion has not always been so mild-tempered. In February, 1841, Alexander McLeod, a British subject living in Canada, came across the Lake and boasted that he had been engaged in the burning of the *Caroline* while moored at a dock on the New York shore, and had himself killed one of the victims of the British midnight attack on that vessel made three years before, by way of reprisal for furnishing provisions for insurgents on the Canada side. He was indicted for murder and held for trial. The behavior of the British Government was in striking contrast with that pursued in the Florida case. The lion roared with uncommon ferocity. Mr. Fox, the Minister, on the 8th of February requested information, and in March advised our Secretary of State that he was instructed "to demand from the Government of the United States formally, in the name of the British Government, the immediate release of Mr. Alexander McLeod"; and he added: "Her Majesty's Government cannot believe that the Government of the United States can really intend to set an example the direct tendency of which must be to bring back into the practice of modern war atrocities which civilization and Christianity have long since banished." This was remarkable diplomatic language—almost as fierce from a Minister as a threat to lay London in ashes from a Congressman. But McLeod was not released, and no serious consequences ensued. He was held, in spite of the efforts of the State Department and against writs of *habeas corpus*, until October, 1841, when he was duly tried and acquitted—on the simple ground that he was not on the *Caroline* at all, but was a mere vain boaster.

We have recalled these instances of British dealing with the subject, in view of the present excitement in this country concerning the detention of American citizens in Ireland under the Coercion Act. It has been our traditional policy to be zealous in protecting our citizens abroad—whether native or naturalized. In 1830 Chief Justice Marshall declared that the judicial record of naturalization, if in proper form, closes all inquiry. By our statutes "all naturalized citizens of the United States while in foreign countries are entitled to and shall receive from this Government the same protection of person and property which is accorded to native-born citizens." And the

statute also provides in express terms that the President, when it is made known to him that any citizen is unjustly deprived of his liberty by a foreign government shall do just what was done in McLeod's case—forthwith demand the reasons, and if a wrong is shown demand a release, and use means to obtain it not amounting to acts of war. These laws clearly define the duty of the Executive Department, but they also clearly show its difficulties. What is an unjust deprivation of liberty? It is only in that case that the aid of his Government can be invoked by a citizen. If he wanders over the earth and willfully or foolishly breaks the laws of the countries he enters, he must take the consequences. He need not go, and if he does go to Rome, he must do as Romans do, or are bound to do. If he mixes in foreign quarrels, he must take the risks of the amusement. When Arbuthnot and Ambrister chose to go to Florida and incite ignorant Indians to revolt, they were hung for it, and their powerful Government practically said that it served them right. On the other hand, when McLeod was imprisoned, because he falsely boasted that he had killed an American citizen and helped to burn an American boat at her own dock, his Government loudly demanded his release because they claimed that his detention was unjust, for the reason that the attack on the *Caroline* was a public act, and he was, if engaged at all, one of a body of men acting under the orders of a superior. In neither case was it pretended that a nation is bound to shield its citizens in wrongdoing at home or abroad.

Our complaint in the case of the prisoners in Ireland is that they have been immured indefinitely without trial. This is a just complaint, for until trial it cannot be known whether they are "unjustly deprived of their liberty." There may be good reasons for the delay thus far suffered, but indefinite delay even as to a single prisoner would be intolerable. The President has, as the law provides, demanded these reasons. If, when they are given, it shall appear that American citizens, native or naturalized, have not been unjustly imprisoned or their trials unreasonably delayed, our Government and our people will be as quiet as Great Britain was when Ambrister and Arbuthnot were hung by Jackson; but if the contrary appears, they will be as urgent in the cases of those still detained as England was in the case of McLeod. The announcement that some of the American "suspects" have been released upon the request of our Government would seem to indicate that their detention had not been warranted in justice, and the demonstration of that fact would not improbably justify a demand for indemnity.

THE SPRING TRADE.

THE Spring traffic has thus far proved rather unsatisfactory. That is to say, for a month or more the business here has been practically confined to the jobbers, and though the transactions in this way have reached a fair aggregate, it is none the less true that the trade from first hands has been comparatively unimportant. The reasons assigned by the merchants for this certainly unfavorable state of affairs are the floods in the Southwest, the bad roads in the Northwest, and labor troubles in various sections of the country. And it may be added that the increase in the number of failures during the first quarter of the year is a fact naturally calculated to deepen whatever depression may exist. The strikes of operatives in New England cotton mills are the result of a slow trade and lower prices for our cotton goods. Woollen goods have for several months sold poorly, owing to the mildness of the weather. The iron trade is noticeably insignificant. Building operations are restricted by the high cost of material. Our exports of grain, provisions and cotton are far below those of last year, the petroleum shipments alone showing a marked increase. The general state of our internal trade may be gathered from the fact that the gross clearings in twenty cities for the first quarter of the year show a slight decrease. In a word, the state of trade has not been positively bad, but has unquestionably been disappointing to many.

But, on the other hand, it is equally true that trade is in the main in a healthy state; the country is buying only as it needs, avoiding the gorging process so emphatically condemned by past experience. Another hopeful fact is that the money market is in a better position than it was a year ago. The Government will disburse over \$7,000,000 in interest this month, and will redeem \$60,000,000 of called bonds during the next three months, while money is also coming from the West instead of being shipped thither, as was the case at this time last year. It is gratifying also to notice that attempts of Wall Street speculators to produce an artificial scarcity of money have thus far failed, nor are they at all likely to succeed, in view of the foregoing facts. As to the floods in the Southwest, as was pointed out in our last issue, agricultural interests are quite as likely to be benefited as harmed thereby. The cotton merchants, it is significant, attach little importance to the inundations

in a commercial sense, and the fact that "futures" for the next crop have been declining of late gives additional emphasis to this view.

The bad roads in the Northwest which have, undoubtedly, been a serious drawback, can be a matter of but a few more weeks, and then the increased movement of merchandise at the great commercial centres of the West will be likely to make itself felt here.

Finally, it may be stated that the spirit of conservatism so noticeable in most branches of trade has discouraged speculation in all but a few States, and if the present transactions are more restricted than could be desired, there are, nevertheless, here and there indications of increasing activity, so that many merchants who have studied the situation in all its bearings look for a larger trade later in the season—in which our foreign trade may share if the Bank of England continues to gain in specie, and the reserves of the continental banks also continue to increase.

THE VETO MESSAGE.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has interposed his veto against the passage of the Bill which, in the name of "executing certain stipulations relating to Chinese," has for its object to suspend the immigration of Chinese laborers into the United States for the term of twenty years, and which further provides for the registration of the Chinese laborers already resident in the country, that there may be no evasion of the restrictions imposed by the pending measure. The objections of the President do not go to the substance of the Bill. On the contrary, he holds that, under the unlimited operation of the Burlingame Treaty, it has been found that the "institutions of the United States, and the character of its people and their means of obtaining a livelihood, might be seriously affected by the unrestricted introduction of Chinese labor," and hence he avows himself as "deeply convinced of the necessity of some legislation on the subject," and as concurring with Congress "in many of the objects which are sought to be accomplished" by the vetoed Bill. But the duration of the term for which the immigration of Chinese laborers is suspended by the Bill seems to the President greatly in excess of the understanding had between the two countries when the supplemental Treaty of 1880 was negotiated in China by the American Commissioners, and in support of this opinion he cites numerous extracts from the *pourparlers* which preceded the conclusion of the treaty. The Chinese Commissioners gave notice, it appears, at the outset of the negotiation, that they would never agree to a "prohibition" of voluntary emigration from China to the United States; and the American Commissioners having agreed to waive their claim to this effect, the Chinese negotiators proceeded to explain that in accepting the principle of restriction they meant, for example—

"That the United States having, as they supposed, a record of the number of immigrants in each year, as well as the total number of Chinese now here, no more should be allowed to go in any one year in future than either the greatest number which had gone in any year in the past, or that the total number should never be allowed to exceed the number now there. As to limitation of time, they meant, for example, that Chinese should be allowed to go in alternate years, or every third year, or, for example, that they should not be allowed to go for two, three or five years."

On the other hand, the American Commissioners, without committing themselves to this precise definition of the Chinese negotiators, did not claim anything more than a discretionary right of restriction, based on "the circumstances of the situation at the moment such legislation became necessary."

In view of this distinct understanding, the President holds, and rightly holds, that the suspension of Chinese immigration for twenty years—at a time, too, when the "circumstances of the situation" cannot be pleaded in justification of such an extreme measure—is an act which violates the faith of the nation as pledged to China. To this effect he says:

"The examination which I have made of the Treaty and of the declarations which its negotiations have left on record of the meaning of its language leaves no doubt in my mind that neither contracting party, in concluding the Treaty of 1880, contemplated the passage of an Act prohibiting immigration for twenty years, which is nearly a generation, or thought that such a period would be a reasonable suspension or limitation, or intended to change the provisions of the Burlingame Treaty to that extent."

In some other details of the Bill the President takes additional exception, especially to the provision requiring the personal registration of Chinese residents already in the country, and the taking out of passports for their protection. He points out that this policy, besides being undemocratic and un-American, may also be held violative of the terms of the Burlingame Treaty which provide that the classes of Chinese who still enjoy the protection of that Treaty shall be entitled to all the privileges, immunities, and exemptions accorded to citizens or subjects of the most favored nation. As we have treaties with many powers which permit their citizens or subjects to reside within

the United States, and carry on business under the same laws and regulations which are enforced against citizens of the United States, the President doubts whether the provisions under this head can be lawfully enforced to the detriment of Chinese residents alone.

President Arthur further holds that good policy in this matter points in the same direction as good faith. By excluding Chinese laborers for twenty years the country may deprive itself of industrial resources which it would be glad to profit by, as it has already profited by them in constructing the railways which unite the Atlantic and the Pacific. And, besides, a restrictive policy pushed to such an extreme limit as that proposed by the pending Bill, can have no other effect than "to repel Oriental nations from us and to drive their trade and commerce into more friendly hands."

These objections, lying on the surface of the Bill, are so patent and forcible that we are sure they will justify the veto of the President in the minds of all dispassionate people. If any could have wished that he had brought his objection against the fundamental principles of the Bill, and had sunk in that the minor objections instanced against its purview and its details, we must remember that practical politics move rather in the sphere of concrete questions than of abstract theorems. And, as a question of concrete politics, the President leaves no doubt in the public mind that the unrestricted immigration of Chinese laborers into the United States may seem to him to call for some restriction, though not for such an exaggerated measure as that which has just passed both Houses of Congress.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT BILL.

THE best piece of work which either branch of Congress has done in the four month and more of the present session is the passage by the Senate of a Bill to regulate the counting of the electoral votes. This most important subject has been so often thrust aside that the public had almost come to despair of its ever receiving the attention which it has urgently demanded ever since the disputed count five years ago showed the dangers of the old system—or rather lack of system. Curiously enough, despite the bitter opposition which similar measures have encountered in previous years, the present Bill went through the Senate without serious protest, and was finally passed without even a roll-call. Southern Senators who are usually classed among the Bourbons joined Northern Republicans of the strictest sect in supporting it.

The vital principle of the Bill is the vesting of the electing power solely in the States and of the counting power solely in the two Houses of Congress. Each State is authorized to decide by laws previously passed any controversy that may arise concerning the appointment of all or any of its Presidential electors, and such decision is to be conclusive evidence of their lawful title and to govern in the count by Congress. The Bill further sustains the authority of the States in the matter by providing that no electoral vote or votes from any State from which only one return has been received shall be rejected, except by the affirmative votes of the two Houses. Indeed, the only way in which a State can possibly be disfranchised is by its failure to provide a tribunal to decide any contest, in which case only a concurrent vote of the two Houses acting separately can secure the counting of either set of votes.

There can be no question that this Bill embodies the spirit of the Constitution at the same time that its passage will render impossible any recurrence of such a dispute as threatened the peace of the country in 1876-7. We do not permit ourselves to doubt that the House will concur with the Senate, and in that case, whatever the failures or deficiencies of the Forty-seventh Congress, it will have discharged patriotically one most important duty.

SLANDERING THE DEAD.

THE violence of partisan malice is strongly illustrated by the indecent assaults which have recently been made by some Stalwart journals on the memory of the late President Garfield. Some of these assaults go to the extent of characterizing the dead President as insincere, treacherous and hypocritical—as utterly wanting, indeed, in those high Christian qualities which the world has by common consent ascribed to him. Others have not hesitated to intimate that he was prepared to use the power of his office for the protection of the Star Route thieves, and that, had he lived, none of the impurities of the public service would have been really attacked. Happily the bitterness and mendacity of these assaults deprive them of the influence they might otherwise exert upon the thoughtless and weak-minded; but those who indulge in them will not escape on this account the condemnation and contempt which they so deliberately provoke. The *Philadelphia Press* expresses the precise fact in the case when it says that however flippant men may sneer at the memory or impeach the motives of the good President, his fame is safe

in the love and reverence of the American people, and will so remain:

"If politicians, skilled in the minor, meaner acts that gag the utterance of a party and bind the will of a caucus, think they can safely trifle with this swelling tide, which stirs whenever his name is breathed, they are welcome to try it on. They might as well try to dyke out the sea and pump dry the ocean as put their machine with its crew at the brakes to any contest with these overflowing waters. Let the men, stalwarts and what not, who have thoughts of meddling with the Garfield groundswell, read the papers. Does anybody remember, for instance, how many ten-cent subscriptions there were for the Grant fund, and what a rush there was by the people to add their little mites to the offering where rich men were casting in of their abundance by the \$5,000 check? Let doubters read of Mason petitions by the mile, with half a million signers—enough to carry the biggest State in the Union. Is it wise to wake up this leviathan? Will it pay to get in his way?"

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THERE can be no doubt that the Gladstone Ministry are sorely perplexed by the condition of Ireland. While the Coercion Act has not altogether failed, it has not accomplished all the results expected of it, and additional measures of repression will speedily become necessary. Agrarian outrages are again increasing, and some of the recent crimes exceed in diabolical atrocity any previously reported. Mr. Gladstone appears to be fully sensible of the gravity of the situation, but it will tax all his wisdom and fertility of resources to devise measures competent to the cure of the existing disorders. Some of his followers seem to think that Mr. Forster's administration of the Protection Act has not been sufficiently vigorous, and urge his removal, but it is not likely that anything would be gained by such a course. That something must be done to put an end to the shocking crimes which are making the name of Ireland a synonym for barbaric cruelty is so obvious that hesitation or delay on the part of the Government would be scarcely less than criminal.

The London papers insist that the representations of our State Department had nothing to do with the recent release of certain imprisoned Irish-American "suspects." "Their citizenship," says the *Times*, "is entirely unconnected with their release, the Executive holding that all persons resident in Ireland are liable to British law, and are to be treated as British subjects." There is evidently a misconception somewhere as to this matter, the outgivings of the State Department having created the impression that the release of the prisoners was due entirely to its "friendly negotiations."

The labor agitation in Spain, growing out of the proposed French Commercial Treaty, still continues; but Senor Sagasta stands firm in his support of the project, and will this week ask the Cortes to suspend all other measures for the purpose of ending the controversy by a formal approval of the Treaty. The working-classes are very much excited regarding the free-trade policy, of which the Treaty is the beginning, as seriously detrimental to their interests, and popular outbreaks in some of the provinces are not impossible; but the Government seems to be prepared for any emergency, and will, of course, carry its point.

The Nihilists in Russia are more than usually active. Fresh discoveries of plots and conspiracies are discovered by the Government almost daily, and it is again hinted that the coronation of the Czar may be still further postponed. The audacity of the Nihilists is strikingly shown by the fact that they have recently stolen 200,000 pounds of gunpowder from the fortress nearest to Germany. The appointment of M. Deljanoff, a violent Slavophilist, as Minister of Public Instruction, has created some irritation at Berlin.

The United States Ministers to Turkey and Austria have recently been permitted to inspect the Ottoman Treasury, in which they found a surprising amount of treasure, with precious stones in vast numbers. During the inspection forty officers were present, the Sultan evidently thinking it well to keep a sharp eye on the "visiting statesmen." It is stated that Minister Phelps is negotiating for a concession for a railway to Bagdad to an American company with which he is connected.

The health of Prince Bismarck is said to be such as to demand a protracted abstinence from work. But he is still sufficiently vigorous to punish his enemies, one of whom, a Socialist, has just been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for slandering the Premier.—The intrigue in behalf of the ex-Khedive of Egypt seems to have come to an end with the expulsion of some of its active promoters.—It is stated that McLean, who attempted to assassinate Queen Victoria, is to be tried with unusual pomp, spite of the objection of leading journals that it will be bad policy to give so dignified an aspect to the murderous act.—The French troops in Tunis have occupied several important posts hitherto held by the insurgents, who will now, it is thought, cross the border into Tripoli. Some, indeed, have already done so.

BALTIMORE furnishes another illustration of the prevalence of race prejudice in the rejection by the Medical and Surgical Society of a colored applicant for membership. The applicant was an intelligent and experienced physician and surgeon, a graduate of the Harvard University Medical School, and has been generally recognized by the physicians of the city in professional consultations and otherwise. But seven members of the society could not conquer their color prejudices, and, voting against him, secured his rejection. It is gratifying to learn that the leading members of the society express great indignation at this result. When one of those voting in the opposition declared that his Southern birth prevented his recognizing a colored practitioner, a distinguished Maryland medical professor replied that he

had carried a sword in the Confederate army, but that his political sentiments would never interfere with his recognition of scientific merit in a member of the colored race. We cannot but believe that the day is near at hand when this will be the sentiment dominant everywhere throughout the country.

THE American Fishcultural Association, which held its eleventh annual meeting in New York last week, is doing a beneficent work in multiplying and cheapening articles of food which are at once toothsome and nutritious. Since it was organized over fifty millions of shad have been artificially hatched in New York State, and the result is already seen in the fact that the annual catch of that delicious fish in the Hudson now reaches nearly a million, while the decrease in price has brought it within the reach of the poorest.

THE career of Jesse James, the Western train-robbler, had been so crowded with crimes that thoughtless people are likely to excuse any means of ending it as justifiable. Yet there is something rather startling in the discovery that the Governor of a State had been privy to a plot for the killing of the outlaw by a pretended friend, and had practically promised in advance immunity for the murder. It is not strange that Missouri people should seek to be rid of such a desperado, but it is scarcely by compounding crime on the part of the authorities that the reign of criminals is to be ended.

ANOTHER victory for reform has been scored in Philadelphia, where the city councils have been organized against the Ring. It is understood that the Gas Trust—long the dominant power in municipal affairs—will now be prosecuted for alleged mismanagement and frauds upon the city treasury, and that other corrupt practices of the "ringsters" will be laid bare and punished. The taxpayers of Philadelphia, in rising above all mere partisan considerations and uniting in a demand for honest government, have set an example to the people of other misgoverned cities which they should not be slow to imitate.

THE examination of Shipherd by the House Foreign Affairs Committee drags along somewhat tediously. Even Shipherd himself does not appear to enjoy it so much since his original opportunity to make long and grandiloquent speeches has been succeeded by sharp cross-examination at the hands of the committee. The President of the Peruvian Company proves a more disagreeable person the more that he exposes his hypocritical character, while everybody is glad to find the clouds about the reputation of the late Minister Hurlbut clearing away. Although Shipherd cannot conceal the malice which he evidently feels towards the dead man, he does not succeed in proving him guilty of any serious offense.

MUNICIPAL elections were held in many cities at the West and South last week. Every year shows a growth in the gratifying tendency to make local issues and the character of opposing candidates the controlling tests in such contests, and the independent voter becomes constantly a more influential personage. Nevertheless, the old party lines are still quite generally maintained, and the Democrats are felicitating themselves over substantial gains, especially in the cities of Ohio, where the recent passage by the Republican Legislature of a rigorous liquor law has alienated from that party a large share of its German supporters. Experience, however, has repeatedly proved the folly of predicating the issue of State and Congressional elections in the Fall upon the result of these city contests in the Spring.

THE old question as to how far a Federal office-holder may properly participate in politics, has been raised again, and is answered by First Assistant Postmaster-General Hutton in a letter to the Cincinnati postmaster. He holds that a post-office clerk may accept the position of alderman or any other which will not interfere with the efficient discharge of his office duties, and lays down the general rule that the holding of an office should not deprive the incumbent of any of his rights as a citizen, so long as he does not neglect the duties intrusted to him. This position is undoubtedly more accordant with public sentiment than the rigorous rule originally laid down, but afterwards allowed to become a dead letter by the Hayes Administration, that a Federal office-holder must absolutely renounce all political activity, and that a letter-carrier might not even be a member of a ward club.

MR. WATTEKSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, who has a habit of plain speaking which is in every way commendable, recently remarked that "the Democratic Party has done some very stupid things." The truth of this statement is not likely to be disputed by anybody of ordinary intelligence. As a matter of fact, the Democratic Party owes all its serious defeats during the last eight years to the intense stupidity of its leaders. And it seems likely to go on tempting fate by its amazing blunders. Its latest exploit in that line is its hostile action on the proposition to extend the charters of the national banks. In February next, the charters of 293 of these banks will expire. Under existing laws they cannot be reorganized, even if they should desire to do so, without withdrawing \$47,000,000 of lawful money from circulation. The effect of such a violent contraction would be immensely disastrous, and yet when, some days since, an attempt was made in the House to make the resolution extending the bank charters a special order for the 15th instant, in order that the matter might be definitely settled, every Democrat, except nineteen, voted against it! It may be unjust to ascribe this action to hatred of the banks, as one of the Democrats voting in the affirmative is reported to have done, but it is certainly difficult

to conceive of any other motive for a proceeding so entirely at variance with sound policy. Such a course, if persisted in, can have but one result, and that is panic and widespread demoralization of all our great business interests. Is the country never to be delivered from the consequences of blind partisan folly and stupidity?

THERE seems to be no end to the blundering stupidity which characterizes the dealings of the Government with the Indians. After an unusually long period of freedom from disturbance, word comes from the Indian Territory that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes threaten to take the war-path, simply because Congress has neglected to provide food for them until they are on the verge of starvation. These tribes have of late been making steady progress towards civilization, but hunger makes savages of all, and the Indian agent at Darlington telegraphs that "these people must have more meat or war." There appears to have been no reason for the delay in making the appropriation required to prevent this crisis; it was simply neglected and postponed by a dilly-dallying Congress. The Secretary of the Interior is endeavoring to make amends for Congressional neglect by furnishing the necessary supplies.

THE death last Winter of General Kilpatrick, our Minister to Chili, has now been followed by that of General Hurlbut, the American representative in Peru, just as he was starting for this country on a leave of absence. There had been much curiosity to hear his testimony before the Congressional Committee that is investigating the Peruvian-Chilian business, and his death will still further complicate the mysteries of that extraordinary tangle. Meanwhile it appears clear that Commissioner Prescott's mission has proved a complete failure, the Chilian Minister of Foreign Affairs having informed him that his Government could not modify the conditions of peace, as our representative had requested. No progress is yet made towards the establishment of a Government in Peru, and the Chilian army of occupation still retains possession of the conquered nation, though its ranks are being fast decimated by disease. Indeed, the situation is disheartening for the friends of both countries.

THE reduction of the national debt proceeds so regularly that it is only by stopping once in a while and instituting a comparison that one realizes the wonderful achievements of the country in this direction. The interest bearing debt touched its highest point a few months after the close of the war, and on the 1st of September, 1865, stood at \$2,381,530,295, on which the annual interest charge was nearly \$151,000,000. On the 1st of April, 1882, the former total had been reduced to \$1,514,752,700, while the interest-charge had been cut down in an even larger ratio, being now only about \$61,000,000 a year. The reduction of the debt during April considerably exceeded \$16,000,000, which is larger than the record for any previous month, except last September, in several years. All this is very flattering to our national pride, though it may well be questioned whether it would not be wiser to lighten the burdens of taxation and pay off the debt more slowly rather than hold so nearly as we still do to the often onerous rates imposed in war times.

FOR many years the annual Spring election in Rhode Island has been only a repetition of the capture of Holland by the Dutch. Last week's proved no exception to the rule, and the Republican majority exceeded 4,500 in a total vote of less than 16,000. The only interest centred in the election of members of the Legislature, which will choose a United States Senator for the term beginning next March. Of course, the Republicans will have an overwhelming majority, and enough is already known about the predilections of the members-elect to assure their choice of Henry B. Anthony on the first ballot. Mr. Anthony took his seat in the Senate in 1859, and has long been the oldest member in continuous service, while only Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, is his senior in years. Although just entering upon his sixty-eighth year, Mr. Anthony is still a hale and vigorous man, and has every promise of equaling the hitherto unprecedented record of Thomas H. Benton, by serving thirty years in our highest legislative body. The country has no more faithful servant than this genial statesman of the old school, who makes the public good the paramount consideration in all his official acts.

THE House Committee on Elections has adopted a report in favor of admitting Mr. Lynch to the seat now occupied by General Chalmers as Representative of the "Shoe-string" District in Mississippi. There can be no doubt of the justice of this decision. The evidence before the committee showed that Lynch had a clear majority of 506 votes, even if the contested returns of the County Supervisors should be thrown out, and that if they were accepted as correct he had a majority of more than 3,000. General Chalmers never had any rightful claim to the certificate. It was given him upon the baldest sort of quibble. The laws of Mississippi prohibit the imprint of any "distinguishing marks" upon a ballot. The ballots cast for Lynch bore, under the subdivisions of the ticket, printer's dashes, such as are commonly used in all printed matter. The election officers held that these were "distinguishing marks" within the meaning of the law, and so threw out the ballots. Even that, however, as before stated, did not elect General Chalmers; but the election officials gave him the certificate all the same. The expulsion of members who obtain their seats by fraudulent means should in all cases be swift and decisive if we desire to preserve the purity and integrity of our representative system.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE new Russian Minister, M. de Struve, has arrived in Washington.

THE Tariff Commission Bill still engages the attention of the House of Representatives.

WORK is suspended in many of the navy-yards for want of money to carry on necessary operations.

A MAN who is declared to be "Old man Bender," the Kansas murderer, has been arrested at St. Louis.

A TRAIN with 800 immigrants was frozen in last week, three miles from the nearest source of supply, in Manitoba.

THE Oregon Democratic State Convention has nominated Joseph S. Smith for Governor and William D. Fenton for Congressman.

AN explosion on the Mississippi river steamer *Bella Mac*, near Brownsville, Wis., April 7th, killed six men outright and injured the rest of the crew of seventeen.

TERRIBLE hurricanes occurred in Michigan, Kansas, Iowa and Illinois on the night of April 6th, killing a number of people, injuring many more and destroying much property.

It is said that the Secretary of War and Attorney-General take issue with Judge Advocate-General Swaim on the question of the validity of the sentence of the court-martial in the case of Sergeant Mason.

THE New York Senate has passed the resolution, which has already gone through the Assembly, proposing an amendment to the Constitution making the canal free, and it will be submitted to the people at the November election.

FOUR thousand six hundred and fifty immigrants arrived at this port in one day last week. A dispatch from London says the pressure of emigration is so great that an additional ship of one of the lines has been dispatched thence for Boston.

THE graves of the Confederate dead were decorated and services held at the Confederate Monument in Greenwood Cemetery, New Orleans, on the 6th instant. Among the handsome floral offerings were three presented by the Grand Army of the Republic.

SECRETARY KIRKWOOD will leave Washington for his home in Iowa immediately after the induction of the new Secretary into office, and it is his intention, for the benefit of his health, to make a tour through the Southwest during the coming Summer.

GOVERNOR CAMERON of Virginia has shown mercy to the oyster pirates whom he captured and who were sentenced to a year in jail. One captain is pardoned; the sentence of the other six is commuted to sixty days' imprisonment, and several have been released.

THE Spring seeding in the Northwest will be from two to three weeks earlier than last year. There was but little snow to melt, and, owing to the mild Winter, the frost came early out of the ground, many farmers in Minnesota and Dakota having already finished seeding.

THE New York Assembly has voted \$15,000 towards completing the monument to commemorate the Revolutionary battle of Saratoga, on condition that the State shall not be called upon further. The Legislature two years ago appropriated \$10,000 for the same purpose, and Congress has appropriated \$30,000 for the monument, on which work is now being done.

THE House Committee on Naval Affairs has decided to recommend an appropriation of \$500,000 to enable the Secretary of the Navy to purchase the latest and most effective torpedo for use in the navy. The same committee has reported to the House a resolution recommending an appropriation of \$2,500,000 for completing the five unfinished double-turreted monitors.

MEMORIAL HALL, the costly Centennial art-building at Philadelphia, was badly injured by a recent furious wind and rain storm, and the dome is thought to be in a dangerous condition. The large statue of America, which formerly surmounted it, had to come down two years ago, and the building, although it cost a million and a half, proves to have been very poorly constructed.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS was swindled out of \$17,500 a few days ago by some Boston banco men, who decoyed him into a gambling den and got him to sign and endorse three checks. Mr. Adams, who is seventy-six years old, has been in poor health for two years, and his mind is at times affected. The decoy is in custody, and the money has been returned to Mr. Adams.

THE General Conference of the World of the Church of the Latter-day Saints—anti-polygamy Mormons—opened a ten days' session at St. Louis, April 6th, with over 500 delegates from all over the United States and Canada, and several from England. The President and Prophet, Joseph Smith, Jr., son of Joseph Smith, the translator of the "Book of Mormon," presided.

THE United States Senate last week sustained the President's veto of the Chinese Bill. The Democrats voted solidly to pass the Bill over the veto. Senator Miller, of California (Republican), has reintroduced the same Bill, with the suspension term altered to ten years, but with the other obnoxious features unchanged. Three similar Bills have been introduced in the House. There is great excitement in California over the veto of the Chinese Bill.

AMONG last week's nominations by the President were the following: John Jay Knox, Comptroller of the Currency; Henry M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior; William E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy; William H. Hunt, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Russia; Rolland Worthington, Collector of Customs, District of Boston and Charleston, Mass. Mr. Worthington's nomination was opposed by Senator Hoar and most of the Massachusetts delegation in Congress.

Foreign.

CARDINAL JACOBINI, the Papal Secretary of State, has tendered his resignation.

THERE is a famine in Zululand, owing to a failure of the crops caused by drought.

M. PAUL BERT, ex-Minister of Worship, has been elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences.

It is said that Sweden has engaged to invade Finland in the event of war between Russia and Germany.

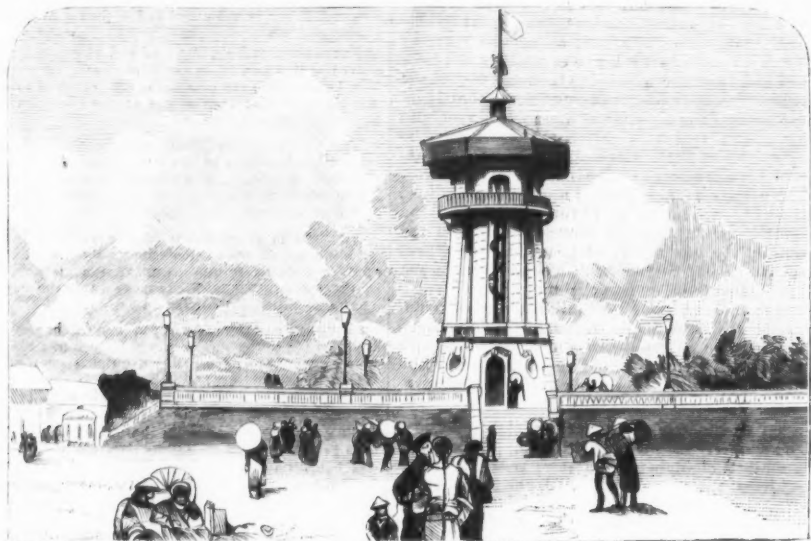
GRAVE apprehensions are felt in Warsaw of a renewal of the outbreaks against the Jews. The Government has ordered the shops closed, and great military precautions are being taken. Over twelve hundred Jewish refugees from Russia have arrived at Brody, Austrian Galicia. The Mansion House Fund for the relief of the Jews has reached £66,000.

AN explorer who has arrived at Irkutsk telegraphs that he saw Melville, Bartlett and Nidermahn of the *Jeannette* at Verkhojansk on February 12th. They had had no news from their missing comrades of the expedition. The Czar has given instructions that Lieutenant Danenhower and his companions should be brought down to Gatschina as soon as they arrive in St. Petersburg, as he desires to see them and bid them welcome.

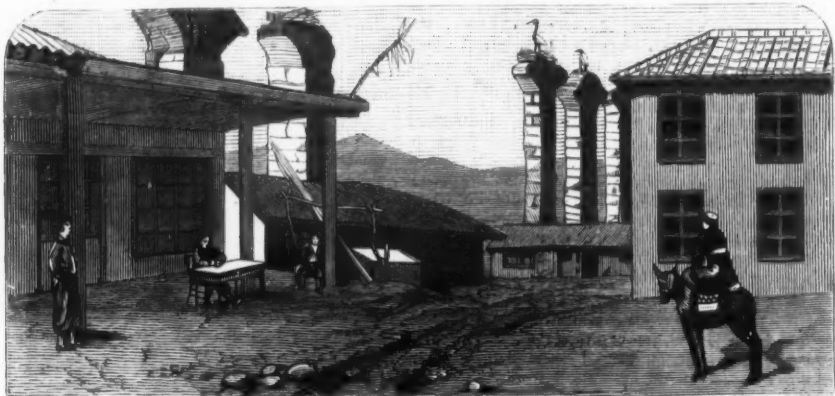
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 119.



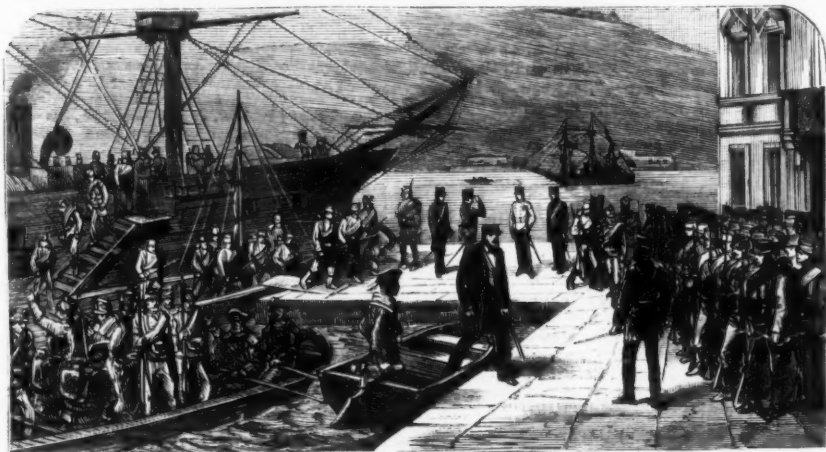
IRELAND.—MR. FORSTER VISITING AN OUTRAGE VICTIM AT TULLA, COUNTY CLARE.



COCHIN-CHINA.—INAUGURATING THE WATER-SERVICE AT SAIGON, THE CAPITAL.



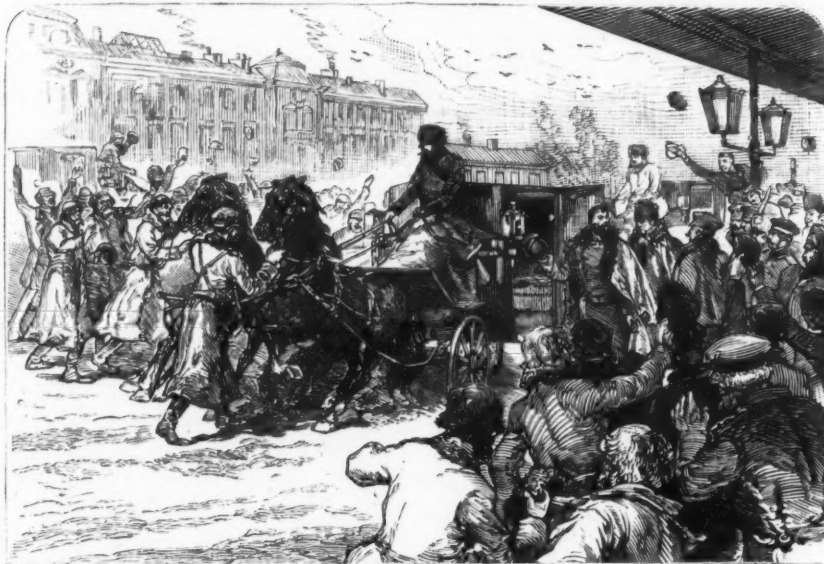
ASIA MINOR.—ANCIENT AQUEDUCT AT EPHEBUS.



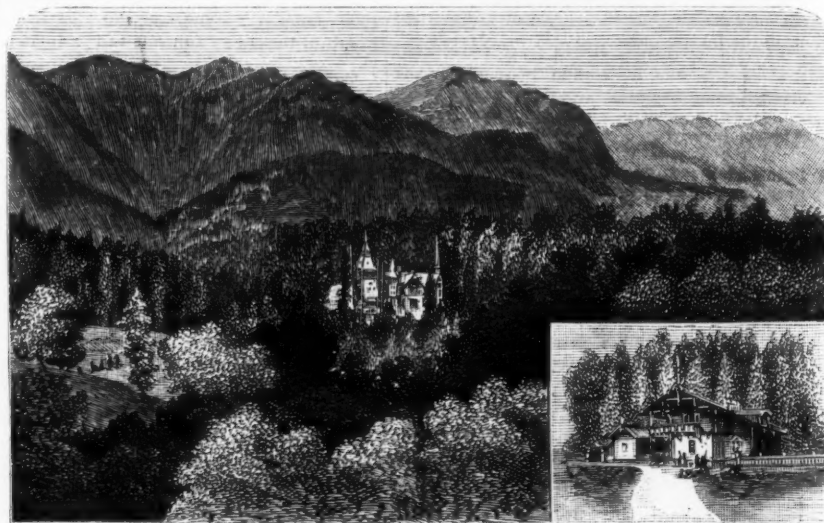
HERZEGOVINA.—LANDING OF AUSTRIAN TROOPS IN GRAVOSA.



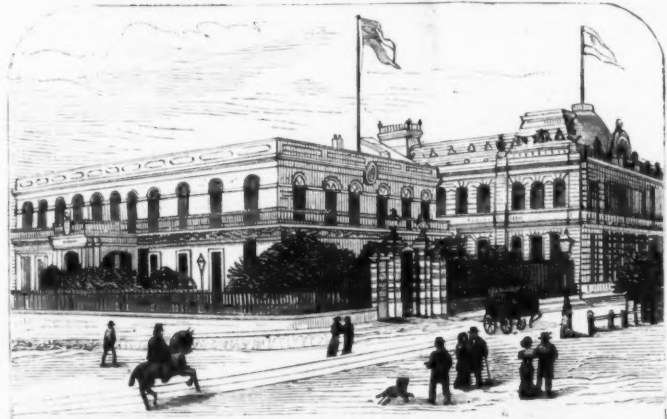
TURKEY.—THE INVESTITURE OF THE SULTAN WITH A PRUSSIAN ORDER.



RUSSIA.—OVATION TO GENERAL SKOBELEFF ON HIS ARRIVAL AT ST. PETERSBURG.



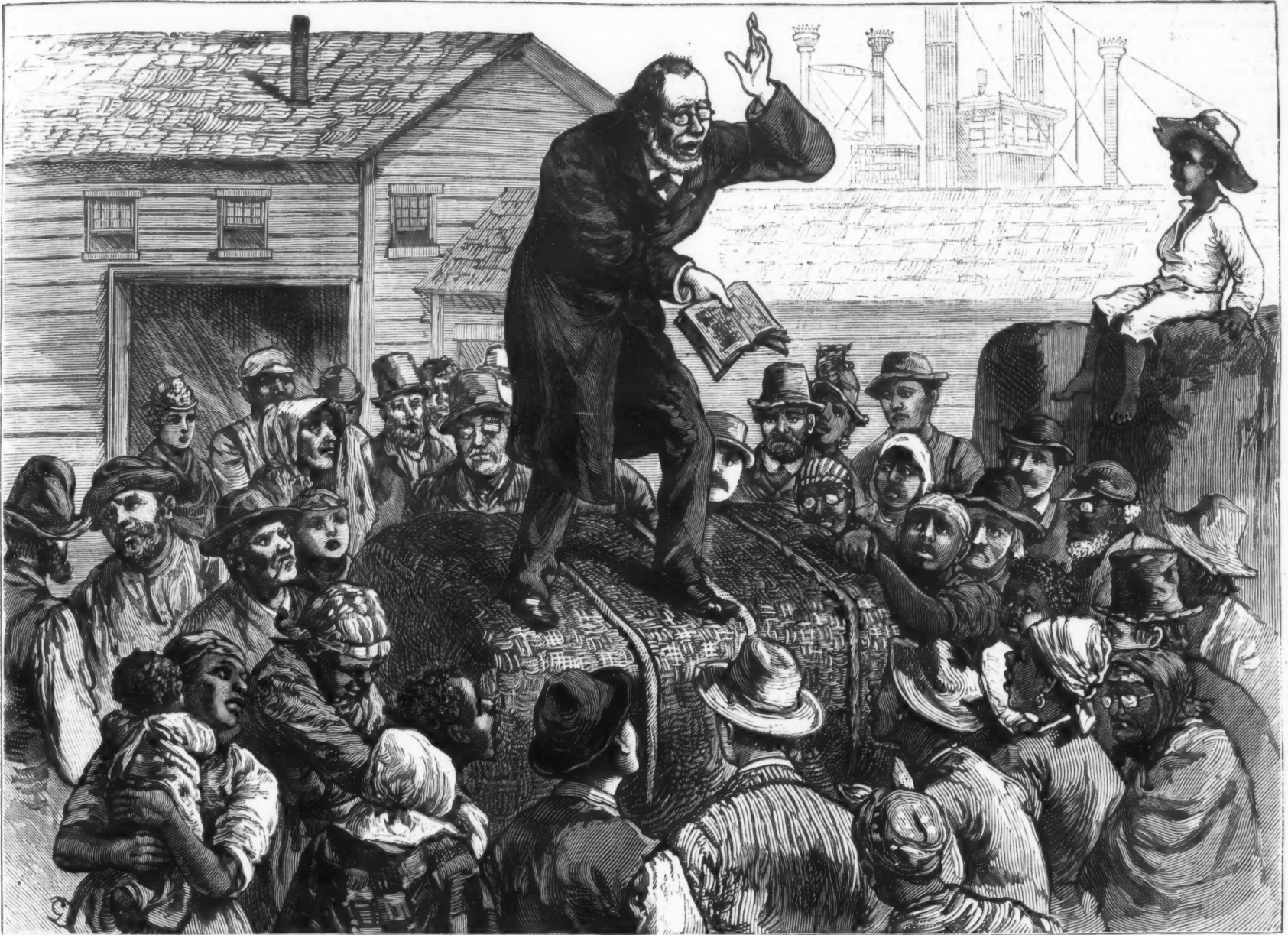
ROUMANIA.—PALACE AND HUNTING LODGE OF THE KING IN THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.



BUENOS AYRES.—THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE.



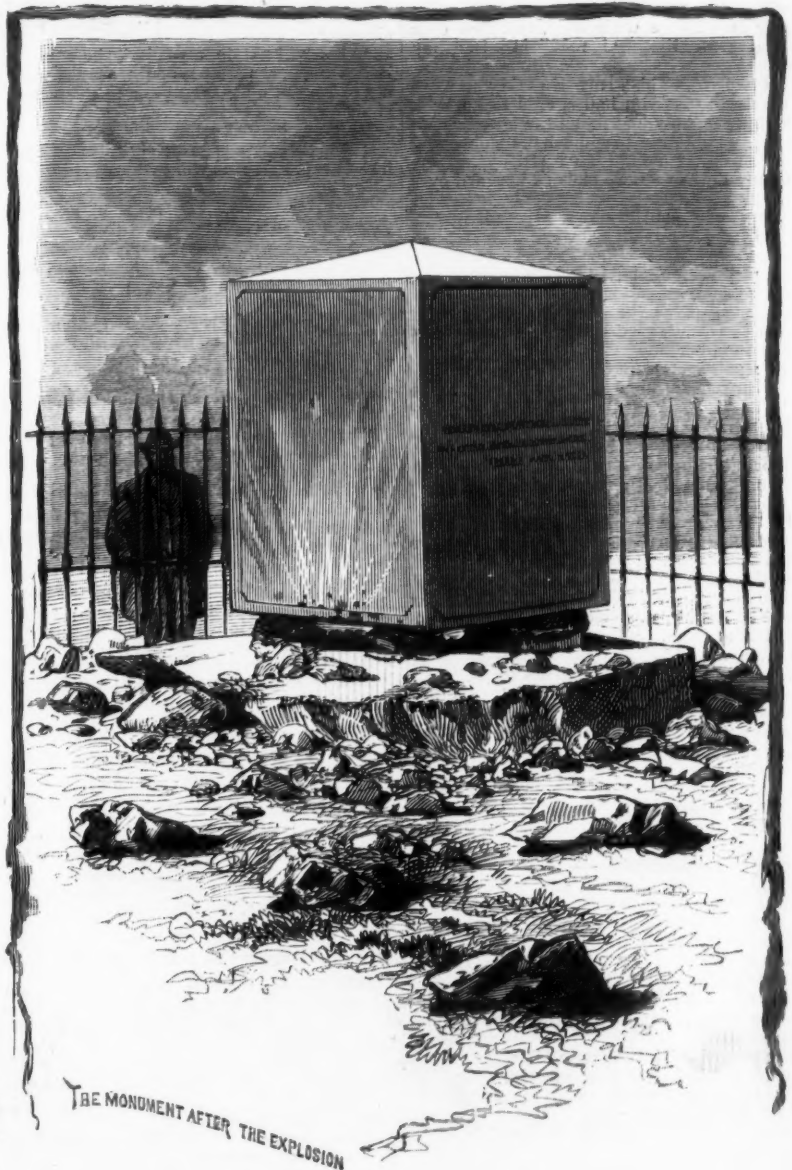
SIBERIA.—THE TOWN OF TIUMEN, ON THE RIVER TURA.



MISSOURI.—A SUNDAY SERVICE IN ST. LOUIS.—A REVIVALIST PREACHING ON THE LEVEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 118.



NEW YORK.—THE ANDRÉ MONUMENT AT TAPPAN, AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE RECENT ATTEMPT TO DEMOLISH IT.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 118.



IN THE BONDS.

I DARED to face a sorrow, and to say—
Low on my knees—"The victory is won!
Conquerer I stand upon the field to-day,
In sight of God's free sun!"

Had I not won thro' patience and thro' prayer?
Had not His hosts upheld me in the strife?
Under my feet they cast that old Despair,
That giant Death in Life.

Backward I looked, and said, "It was and is.
God gave me all the Past, and it is mine,
And it was sweet. No hand takes from me this—
No hand—not even thine!"

I met my Present, and the tears were dry;
My eyes were weary of their weeping now;
I let the Future in its darkness lie—
"Where God leads, I may go!"

And so I faced my sorrow and was still.
Oh, tenfold mystery of the human soul!
Oh, blinded eyes and impotence of will!
Oh, thoughts that mock control!

One little whisper through the silence broke,
Thrilling my nerves with anguish as I heard;
Only as soul to soul the vision spoke,
And there was just one word;

One little word—I hear it everywhere;
Still in my brain the old refrain sounds on,
Still bidding me remember and despair—
"Not thou—not thou hast won!"

And evermore I sit beside the grave
Facing my sorrow still, till Time be done!
At the closed door of Death I wait, a slave
In sight of God's free sun.

A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED).

WHEN Gwendolen came to her senses she looked in amazement at the discolored, vault-like walls around her, which time had stained of a uniform, gloomy gray.

"I am dead," she said to herself, "and this is a tomb!" She closed her eyes. "Do people know they are dead, then?" She heard something moving near her, and opened her eyes with a scream. A large rat had scrambled up on the bed on which she was lying, and was eying her curiously. Gwendolen sprang shuddering from the bed, and it scuttled away with a noise magnified twenty times by the echoes of the empty walls. Hearing the scream, Pauline came in, into whose arms Gwendolen flung herself, clinging to her and crying: "Oh, where am I? Take me away! Am I dead—and was that coming to eat me?"

"It isn't a nice room," said Pauline. "But my lady is going to have one furnished prettily for you."

Gwendolen raised herself up, pushing Pauline from her, and gazing at her with wild eyes.

"My husband's room," she said—"that is my room!"

"Is that man your husband?" asked Pauline. Recollection seemed slowly to return to Gwendolen. She raised her hands to her head, pressing them forcibly against either temple, looking at Pauline with wide, terrified eyes and quivering lips. "I recollect. Did—my lady—"

"He had you in his arms. He said you were his wife, and that you had agreed to go back with him. My lady had found the note he sent you." And Pauline produced the soiled and crumpled lines which Lionel had dropped from his fevered grasp. Gwendolen's haggard eyes glanced over them.

"I must be mad!" she whispered, letting them fall. "It wasn't a dream, then? I had seen him before!" She grasped Pauline's arm. "How long have I been mad?" she asked, hoarsely.

Pauline shook her head. "Am I—is this a mad-house?" glancing fearfully around her.

"No; you are at the Court."

"My husband's house! Where—where is he?"

"He has—gone."

"Gone! I wouldn't have left him had he been mad."

"Are you mad? He didn't think so!"

"Why did he go away, then?"

"He said you were not his wife."

Gwendolen uttered an appalling scream—a scream that startled some bats which had made their nest above the wide, projecting cornice, and which now flew out, beating the walls with their dusky wings as they circled around the room. "Not his wife! Whose wife, then, am I?"

"He said his name was Antonio Bacio."

"Never! I was never married to him! Call Lionel back; I must speak to him!"

My lady now came into the room, and Gwendolen ran to her, clutching her arm with such violence that my lady grew pale with the pain.

"I want my husband," she said. "What have you done with him?"

"He is only waiting for you to ask for him to come in," said my lady, quietly, and, as she spoke, Bacio came into the room.

Gwendolen, still holding my lady's arm, gazed at him wildly, pushing back her fallen hair. "Who—who is that man?" she asked.

"I have seen him, but I have forgotten him!"

Bacio approached her with a confident air.

"I am your husband, Antonio Bacio."

"Bacio! Oh! he killed Charlesworth! Take him away! My lady means to have him hung!"

Bacio turned frightfully pale. Pauline grew pale also, and looked at him intently.

"Good heavens! she is mad!—quite mad!" cried my lady, opportunely.

Gwendolen struck her hands together, and laughed wildly.

"He killed Charlesworth, but the blood is all on my head, and it burns like fire—like fire!" and again her hands went up to her head, and she moaned piteously.

Pauline turned to Bacio.

"You may go now," she said. "You have played your part."

As he left the room she went up to Gwendolen, casting hostile glances at my lady as she did so.

"I shall want some ice for her head," she said.

"It is really dreadful!" said my lady. "You are sure you were married to him first?"

"She was never married to him," said Pauline, decidedly.

"Oh! she may have been! What else has sent her out of her senses?"

"I think you can answer that question best, my lady."

"Don't you think all this agitation will have a bad effect on her?" asked my lady.

"I should think it had," said Pauline, shortly.

All that night she watched by Gwendolen's bedside. She was in a high fever, and Pauline constantly kept ice on her head, acknowledging that she feared brain-fever.

My lady, who was constantly gliding in and out, in apparent solicitude for her victim's condition, proposed that Gwendolen's hair should be cut off.

"Only let the doctor say so and I'll do it," returned Pauline, who had developed a certain degree of doggedness that was not favorably viewed by my lady.

Several days passed, and Gwendolen continued to lie in a species of comatose state, moaning continually, but neither speaking nor opening her eyes. Her nurse was indefatigable in supplying her with nourishment in a liquid form, consisting of the strong juices of meats; but, although my lady was constantly sending up both wine and brandy, Pauline would give her nothing to allay her constant thirst but teas prepared by herself from various herbs, and iced to a delightful coolness. If my lady sought to administer anything, the cup or spoon was taken from her hand, with the remark: "When I nurse I let my patient take nothing from any hand but mine," and the contents of that cup or spoon were speedily and secretly emptied into the vast, old-fashioned fireplace. My lady looked very black on these occasions, and at length withdrew, saying, with a sigh, that she could see that she was regarded as a nuisance, and it had been a very singular fact that, whenever she had touched or bent over the unconscious Gwendolen, Gwendolen had shuddered.

One morning the paper-hangers and upholsterers made their appearance, and were shown a couple of unfurnished rooms by my lady, who spoke of having them fitted for the use of an invalid friend, who required quiet. When they were finished, the bedroom was in the most exquisite shade of green imaginable, with satin paper on the walls, curtains of watered silk for the bed and windows, and a pattern of ferns on moss for the carpet. The parlor, opening from the bedroom, was all in coolest grays and scarlet. The cornice simulated twisted branches of rough coral, and a coral border contrasted with the shadowy tints of the velvet carpet.

Pauline, who had been called to admire, entirely approved of the parlor, but shook her head over the delicate furnishings of the chamber.

"That will not do, my lady," she said. "It is arsenic-green. You might as well poison my patient at once as put her to sleep in that chamber!"

My lady changed color. "Nonsense!" she said, sharply. "My late housekeeper slept in what we called the Green Closet for more than twenty years."

"But I do not believe it was this kind of green, my lady. Take a piece of that paper to any chemist and see what he will say. And the silk—pah! it makes me sick to look at it—it is green, like a snake!"

"It is a lovely shade," said my lady.

"It's night—shade!" retorted the nurse.

"Now, blue would go as well with those gray and scarlet fittings as green."

"I do not happen to have the money to throw away on watered silk and satin paper," said my lady.

"A handsome coffin would cost as much, my lady, and a coffin you will have to buy if I let her sleep here."

"How very silly!" said my lady. "I will keep these rooms, then, for some of my guests, and put Miss Gwendolen's old furniture into her room."

"That room is gloomy enough to be the very stronghold of the blue devils," said the intractable nurse.

"And I do not intend that she shall occupy it any longer," said my lady, replying with what was, for her, unusual as she was to contradiction from any one, extraordinary patience. "There is a very cheerful room—the Oriel Room it is called, from its windows—that has two others opening out of it. I shall have them put in order as soon as possible."

My lady was as good as her word. The Oriel Room was furnished with fittings of Gwendolen's own bridal-chamber, the second room was arranged as a parlor, and the third room appropriated to Pauline's use; so she was thus near to Gwendolen, of whom she always spoke as "My patient," refusing to adopt my lady's "Miss Gwendolen."

CHAPTER XVI.—A NEW ARRIVAL.

THE Oriel Room was quaint and pretty, with panels of dark, shining oak, a gilded cornice, and the domed ceiling was painted of a dark, clouded blue, with silver stars sprinkled over it. The floor was also of shining oak, with a bright-bordered mat or two laid upon it; but there was no fireplace, the room being warmed from the one adjoining it.

"I'm afraid it may be cold in Winter," said the nurse, thoughtfully. "But then we can keep a good fire all night."

Still Pauline seemed uneasy, and went all around the Oriel Room, tapping the panels, examining the floor, pressing her fingers up and down the window-frame, as if searching for

some secret spring, and even poking at the ceiling with a long stick secured for the purpose. She then made an examination of the sitting-room, inspected the lock, and expressed great satisfaction when she found that there was a bolt also. Then she went back to Gwendolen, whom she had left sitting in a large, old-fashioned armchair by the oriel window, and who looked up at her with the vacant, meaningless gaze of an infant. This had been her condition since her recovery from the insensible state into which she had been thrown by Bacio's appearance.

Was her mind gone? No one could answer that question. She got up, sat down, walked, rested, or went to bed, exactly as Pauline told her. She never spoke, not even when Pauline would babble to her by the hour together, as a nurse talks to an infant. She would fix her eyes on her, smile occasionally with that solemn, inscrutable smile with which an infant will sometimes respond to attempts made to amuse it, and then relapse into utter immobility.

My lady would come in occasionally and look at her curiously. These visits made Pauline excessively irritable, and, after my lady was gone, she would address very violent and disrespectful language to a chair, or kick and pound an unoffending table. With Gwendolen she was always gentleness itself, and would sometimes hold her to her breast, and, rocking her in her arms, cry over her. Gwendolen looking up into her face with wildly astonished eyes, and shaking her head to shake off the tears as they pattered down upon her face. She seemed to like to be in the oriel window, and would sit by it by the hour, silently looking down into the gray, old-fashioned garden.

It was one day in September that she spoke for the first time. "How pretty!" she exclaimed, looking down on a bed of scarlet salvias.

Pauline, who was sitting by her sewing, looked up with a face of breathless delight, but was afraid to speak.

Gwendolen raised both hands, pressing them to her head. "I feel strangely!" she said, and stretching out her arms, she fainted in her chair.

It was with some difficulty that Pauline recovered her, and, when she had done so, Gwendolen looked up at her, no longer with a vacant, meaningless gaze, but with eyes full of terror. "Where is he? Is he gone?" she asked, clinging to her nurse, who saw at once that her mind had resumed its workings at the very point at which it had left off.

"Yes, he has gone," said Pauline, soothingly. Gwendolen burst into tears. "And Lionel has gone away, believing me to be that man's wife! How could he?"

"Because the devil put into his head!" burst out Pauline, indignantly. "At least, if it wasn't the devil, it was his wife!"

"Oh," said Gwendolen—"his wife!"

"My lady; and I pity him when she gets there. She will never rest until she gets the upper hand of him, and then I pity the other devils, I do! My poor, little innocent, looking at me with those great soft eyes, don't you know that my lady hates you?"

Gwendolen put her hand to her head. "Why, no; she has been very kind to me. She has taken down all that black."

"And put up arsenic-green! Yes, I know!"

"What do you mean? You must speak very plainly, for I feel very puzzled and strange."

Then Pauline told her about the green hangings, and how that peculiar shade was said to be very poisonous, and this fact was so well known that chemists and physicians had forbidden its use altogether.

Gwendolen grew paler and more pale as the narrative proceeded, and, at its close, she clung to Pauline with trembling hands.

"You think—she meant—"

"There! I've frightened you! But I must do it, or worse will come! She has sent away your husband, and now that he has gone, she means to get rid of you and your— But you don't know about that!"

Pauline drew Gwendolen's head down to her own and whispered in her ear. Gwendolen drew away from her, looking at first rosy red, and then deadly pale. Then she began to tremble, and held out her two shaking hands to Pauline, who kissed them tenderly.

"Remember," said Pauline, "we are two to one, and I love you, poor little trembling dove, and will fight for you to the last."

"But she will send you away!"

"She can't. I'm too necessary. When one has to keep a prisoner, it won't do to send away the jailer!"

"I am—a prisoner, then?" said Gwendolen, looking around her. "I see!—it's my own furniture but not my old room!"

"You are in the ancient part of the Court—that looks out on the Nuns' Garden."

"And if I should try to go into the new part?"

"She would confront you with Bacio."

"Bacio! Is he here? She said she would have him arrested if he—"

"My poor lamb! She sent for him!"

"Oh, my God!" cried Gwendolen, falling back in her chair, and looking as if about to faint again.

"But you will never see him, if you keep quiet!" said Pauline, speaking eagerly; "and there is another thing that I wish you would do. It will be safer and—"

"Tell me! What is it? I will do anything to keep from seeing him. He killed a man!"

Pauline grew pale and bit her lips.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, it was my husband's brother. I was going to marry him!"

Pauline shook her head impatiently.

"Never mind him. He's better off now, if it's true that my lady didn't like him. Do you know how long it is since your husband went away?"

"A day!—perhaps two!"

"Six weeks!"

"Oh!"

Then Pauline explained to her what her condition had been during those six weeks.

"And it has quite quieted my lady," she added. "Do you think you could keep it up? I mean when my lady is here?"

"Does she come often?"

"Not very often. I think if she did, I could not stand it. I'm afraid I should fall on her some day."

"I hope she doesn't stay long! I'm afraid I couldn't endure it!"

"You must learn to endure it," said Pauline, gravely—"that is, if you ever wish to see your husband again."

At this Gwendolen began to sob, calling on her husband's name. She was verging on an hysterical attack, but Pauline succeeded in soothing her with visions of a future, when she would be able to meet her proud and happy husband, and place their child in his arms.

(To be continued.)

DEATH RIDING ON THE FLOOD.

A SAD, fearfully sad, episode of the recent disastrous floods was the funeral of a beloved child who was borne on the desolating waters to her last resting-place. Her grief-stricken parents resided in a street that was submerged by the flood, and when the little one sighed her last sigh on her mother's breast, the waters were at their height. In order to reach the cemetery in which the child was interred, it became necessary to travel by boat, and on the cold, gray waters the casket was silently borne, the rowers passing on their way, sadness in their faces, sadness in their hearts, while the agonized mother sat in the stern, before her the white blossom of her life garnered by the hand of Death. Never a sadder cortege, picturesque in its cruel story.

STREET PREACHING IN ST. LOUIS.

WE illustrate on page 117 a levee scene in St. Louis, as sketched recently by a special artist. Sunday in that city has many of the features of the Continental Sabbath, many shows and places of amusement being open and in full blast, as on other days; but the day is not given over entirely to "the world's people." One of the methods employed to reach the multitude in the interest of morality is that of street-preaching, revivalists and missionaries carrying the gospel to those who neglect to seek it in the churches. The success of these efforts is not, perhaps, all that could be desired, but they are not in all cases ineffectual, truths being sometimes dropped into receptive minds which work genuine reform in the life of the hearers. Our picture shows both the earnestness of the preacher and the respectful attentiveness of his listeners, who include blacks and whites alike.

THE ANDRE MONUMENT AT TAPPAN, N. Y.

WE present elsewhere illustrations of the André Monument at Tappan, N. Y., as it appears since the recent attempts to demolish it, and of the old "Seventy-six House," in which André was confined pending his execution. The monument was erected by Cyrus W. Field, at the suggestion of Dean Stanley, after the latter's visit to this country a few years ago, and bears an inscription written by the Dean. Several weeks ago it was defaced one night by a stranger, and still later an attempt was made to destroy it entirely by an explosion of nitroglycerine. The attempt was not successful, but the monument was seriously damaged.

The old "Seventy-six House" at Tappan was erected in 1753, when Casparus Mahle, a wealthy landowner on the borders of the Hackensack, came over to the then newly-settled village, and bought of Cornelius Myers a lot of land on what was called the King's Road near the church. It was a large mansion for those days. Immense quantities of freestone were quarried in the foothills of the western slope of the Palisades, some of the blocks being four or five feet in length, and the walls were made of a foot and a half or two feet in thickness. The building had a front of over fifty feet, and was of proportionate depth. Mr. Mahle had built the mansion for the entertainment of his friends, but the outbreak of the Revolution soon gave it more than local importance. In 1779 General Wayne made it his headquarters. Later it became the place of confinement of Major André. The old house is still standing, and has undergone no material alterations during the century and a quarter of its existence. For about twenty-five years past it has been in the possession of Dr. James J. Stevens, who is an enthusiastic antiquarian, and guards it with the veneration due so historic a mansion.

THE DEATH OF A NOTORIOUS DESPERADO.

THE most notorious outlaw in the country met his death at St. Joseph, Mo., last week, when Jesse James, leader of the gang of train robbers, who had become a terror to travelers in the far West, was shot by Robert Ford, a beardless boy of twenty, who had won his confidence in order to compass his destruction. Last November Jesse, his wife and two children, removed from Kansas City, where they had lived several months, to St. Joseph, and rented a one-story cottage, painted white, with green shutters, and romantically situated on the brow of a lofty eminence east of the city, commanding a fine view of the principal portion of the city, the river and railroads, and adapted as by nature for the perilous and desperate calling of James. Charles Ford had been an accomplice of James since early last November, and possessed his entire confidence. Robert Ford, his brother, joined James a fortnight ago, and accompanied Jesse and Charles to St. Joseph, March 23d. The Fords had resolved to win the \$10,000 reward offered by the State for the body of Jesse James, dead or alive, and, believing that it would be hopeless to attempt his capture, they only awaited an opportunity to shoot him. A short time ago, before Robert joined James, the latter proposed to rob the bank at Platte City, and the three had fixed upon the night of April 3d for their journey to that place. On the morning of that day came the first chance that had offered itself to draw a weapon upon the outlaw while he was unarmed. Charles Ford and Jesse James had been in the stable currying the horses preparatory to their night's ride. On returning to the room where Robert Ford was, Jesse said, "It's an awfully hot day." He pulled off his coat and vest and tossed them on the bed. Then he said: "I guess I'll take off my pistols for fear somebody will see them if I walk in the yard." He then unbuckled the belt in which he carried two forty-five calibre revolvers—one a Smith & Wesson and the other a Colt—and laid them on the bed with his coat and vest. He then picked up a dusting brush with the intention of dusting some pictures which hung on the wall, and got on a chair. His back was now turned to the brothers, who silently stepped between Jesse and his revolvers, and at a motion from Charles both drew their weapons. Robert was first to fire, with

the muzzle of his weapon not over four feet from the outlaw's head, and the ball entered the base of the skull and made its way out through the forehead over the left eye. It was fired out of a Colt's forty-five improved pattern, silver-mounted and pearl-handled revolver, presented by the dead man to his slayer only a few days ago. Jesse fell to the floor and died a few moments later in his wife's arms. The killing caused intense excitement, and crowds of people flocked all day long to the scene of the tragedy. The Fords surrendered themselves to the authorities, but it is virtually admitted that their scheme had been approved in advance by the Governor, and that they will not suffer any penalty for the killing.

Jesse James was the elder of the two James brothers, who were sons of a Baptist clergyman of Kentucky, and were educated in that State. Both of them joined Quantrell's guerrillas, and were prominent in the murderous work of that gang of Confederate freebooters. After the war was over the brothers took to bank-robbing, which they afterwards diversified with stage-robbing and train-robbing. They organized a gang of the most daring desperadoes, and committed some of the most audacious crimes on record. Several members of the band had been already captured, and the killing of the leader will, doubtless, put an end to its operations. Jesse was forty-one years old, and was devotedly attached to his family.

A CHINESE FESTIVAL SCENE.

WHO presumes to say that the Heathen Chinese does not amuse himself? He is not always at work, always darning or smoothing the undergarments of the inhabitants of the United States, or hurrying quietly along, elevated three inches above the flags by those noiseless and peculiar-shaped shoes it is his passion and privilege to wear. Once in a while he "takes a day off" for the purpose of amusement, and, like most people who seldom indulge in recreation, he makes the very most of those stolen hours of sweetness. Our illustration represents a street scene in San Francisco, and a well-to-do Chinaman has hired a wagon for an excursion into the country with his wife and some of his male friends. He is a sturdy-looking fellow, who would possibly make his way in any part of the world, and handles the lines with that strength of hand which the horse knows how to obey, albeit it is no trifling matter to one unaccustomed to driving to have a brute, half-maddened by explosives, anxious to tear off at twenty miles an hour. The party is a jovial one, and, like that of the celebrated John Gilpin's spouse, is "on pleasure bent." The lady is gotten-up in the highest Chinese fashion, her head and collar bearing a close resemblance to a butterfly or a bat on the wing. She is coquettish, too, and is casting wistful smiles on her companions who follow in envious ecstasy, indulging in what the English mob calls "chaff." Paper money, as is the custom at Chinese funerals as well as festivals, is being profusely scattered amongst the crowd—not the mighty dollar, but a currency that would not pay the national debt of the kingdom of Lilliput. They are in for a high old time, are these children of the Flowery Land, as witness the vigorous efforts of the cymbal-player—and much good may it do them.

Victoria and the Schoolmistress.

THE Queen has conferred the Albert Medal of the Second Class on Miss Hannah Rosbotham, twenty-three years of age, assistant schoolmistress, Sutton National Schools. The following is an account of the services in respect of which the decoration is recommended: "During a violent gale of wind, on the 14th of October last, the stone belfry of the Sutton National Schools was blown down, and fell through the roof into the infants' schoolroom (where nearly two hundred children were assembled), causing the death of one and injuring many others, and filling the room and its gallery with stones, slates and timber. Whilst others fled for safety, Miss Rosbotham (who, at the time of the accident, was teaching elsewhere) deliberately entered among the falling mass and cloud of dust; and, while fully conscious of the extreme danger to which she was exposed, remained on the spot until every child had been placed in safety. At the imminent risk of her own life, Miss Rosbotham removed four infants who were partially covered with the debris, and rescued therefrom a little girl who was completely buried, and who must inevitably have been suffocated had not such gallantry been displayed.

The Science of Perfumes.

By a process known as enfleurage, which is the exposure of beef fat to fresh flowers in close boxes until it is thoroughly permeated and charged with their odors, the perfumes of six flowers are obtained, which could in no other manner known to science be preserved apart from the fresh petals. Those flowers are violet, jasmine, tuberose, rose, orange-flower and cassia (cinnamon flower). From those six there are fifty or more combinations made for the stimulation of the odors of other flowers. Sweet pea is made with orange-flower and jasmine; hyacinth is counterfeited by jasmine and tuberose, and the lily-of-the-valley by violet and tuberose. But the resources of the perfumer are by no means confined to the pomades, as the scented fats are termed. He uses many essential oils, the principal of which are sandalwood, bergamot, lemon, rosemary, neroli (made from bitter orange flowers), patchouli and attar of roses. It is very difficult to get the last named in a pure state, because its great cost tempts to dishonest adulteration. Very often rose geranium oil is substituted for it. Musk is another important ingredient, entering, as it does, into almost all perfumes, except those which are actually imitations of flower odors, or, as styled by perfumers, "natural"—as, for instance, heliotrope, tuberose, white rose and violet.

Pawnbrokers in France.

THERE are in France forty-five Monts-de-piété. If this number appears small, it must be remembered that they are only able to be established in the great centres of population, where a sufficient amount of business can be done to justify the heavy expenses which have to be borne. In Paris there are several branch establishments, (succursales), and in some instances provincial Monts-de-piété have similar dependencies in neighboring towns. Four new Monts-de-piété have been opened since 1851, one being situated in Algiers. Three have been closed in the same period, that of Dieppe having been suppressed in consequence of the bad conduct of an official, whose defalcations plunged the institution into hopeless difficulties. In 1851 the capital employed—Independent of buildings and plant—in the Monts-de-piété de France was nearly 30,000,000 francs, of which Paris engrossed 19,000,000 francs. In 1876 these amounts had increased respectively to 68,000,000 francs and 43,500,000. It will be observed that the operations of the Mont-de-piété of Paris are larger than those of all the other similar establishments in France put together. In 1851 the total amount of loans in France rose to 37,500,000 francs on 2,600,000 articles deposited. In 1875 77,000,000 francs were lent to nearly 4,000,000 borrowers. The Mont-de-piété is not a state institution, but it enjoys state protection, and, being a monopoly, is free from private com-

petition. The law recognizes it as a "work of public utility," and awards bestows upon it certain privileges, the most tangible one being exemption from stamp-duty, and from registration of documents connected with the administration. A Mont-de-piété is permitted to be established only by decree of the President of the Republic, and with the consent of the local Municipal Council. The Council of Administration is presided over by the Mayor of the Commune; in Paris by the Prefect of the Seine. The members are appointed in Paris by the Minister of the Interior, in the departments by the Prefect, and must be taken one-third from the Municipal Council, one-third from the administrators of charitable associations, and one-third from other citizens resident in the Commune.

The Vegetation of Australia.

ACCORDING to the terms of a pamphlet compiled and published under the supervision of Sir Henry Parkes, Premier and Colonial Secretary for New South Wales, the vegetation of Australia, and particularly of the colony of New South Wales, is remarkable for the number of its species, and therefore of very special interest to botanists. The island contains no fewer than 10,000 species of flowering plants, a larger variety than is to be found on the whole continent of Europe. Of these, about 1,200 occur in the county of Cumberland alone, many of them being of a high type of organization, and yet capable of resisting great extremes of temperature. Some of the eucalypti, with their vertical limbs and evergreen foliage, attain a height of 120 feet, with a girth of from 12 to 20 feet. The tallest tree in the world, indeed, which towers to an altitude of 480 feet, is a native of Australia, and was discovered only a few years ago. This height, however, though great when compared with our tallest hickories and pines, is approximated by many forest kings in Australia. On the island there are several trees which measure 420 feet in height—something scarcely observable elsewhere. The number of species of acacia with fragrant blossoms, which are to be found on the island, is wonderful, being in all about 300, many of which yet require botanical names before they can be enumerated. At the Sydney Exposition one exhibitor showed 867 varieties of seeds of trees, shrubs, etc., indigenous to the country. There are 50 species of eucalypti alone, and at the Sydney Royal Mint upward of 70 different kinds of wood have been officially tested for strength and elasticity as building-timbers. Several were found superior to the oak, ash and other strong British woods.

Coffee Blight in Ceylon.

CEYLON is suffering from a great calamity—the leaf disease in the coffee plant. An orange-colored fungus attacks the under side of the leaf, consuming the juices; the plant then throws out fresh leaves, which are in turn consumed; then another crop, perhaps three or four in a season. This waste of strength on crops of leaves is entirely at the expense of blossom and fruit, of which not half the proper out-turn is obtained. The present acreage under coffee ought to produce on an average 1,500,000 cwt. per annum, which at \$20 is worth \$30,000,000; whereas this year's crop, which has had seasonable rains, is only estimated at 600,000 cwt., worth \$12,000,000. This is a frightful loss to the planters, and though constantly investigating and experimenting, no remedy has been found. Planters are trying new products, such as cinchona, rubber, tea, silk, etc., but they are at present only in the experimental stage.

Bananas and Plantain.

A POUND of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense of the word far superior to the best wheat bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return, according to Humboldt, as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat, or over a hundred acres of potatoes. The banana, then, is the bread of millions who could not well subsist without it. In Brazil it is the principal food of the laboring classes, while it is no less prized in the island of Cuba. Indeed, in the latter country the sugar planters grow orchards of it expressly for the consumption of their slaves. Every day each hand receives his ration of salt fish or dried beef, as the case may be, and four bananas and two plantains. The banana—it should be called plantain, for until lately there was no such word as banana—is divided into several varieties, all of which are used for food. The *platano manzano* is a small, delicate fruit, neither longer nor stouter than a lady's forefinger. It is the most delicious and most prized of the varieties of the plantain. *El platano guiso*, called by us the banana, is probably more in demand than any other kind. It is subdivided into different varieties, the principal of which are the yellow and purple bananas we see for sale in our markets; but the latter is so little esteemed by the natives of the tropics, that it is seldom eaten by them. *El platano grande* is also subdivided into varieties which are known by their savor and their size. The kind that reaches our market is almost ten inches long, yet on the isthmus of Darien there are plantains that grow from eighteen to twenty-two inches. These are never eaten raw, but are either boiled or roasted, or are prepared as preserves.

Red Snow.

AT a recent meeting of the San Francisco Microscopical Society, Dr. Harkness presented a bottle of "red snow," which he gathered last June on the Wasatch Mountains. The snow was found on the north side of a spur which rose about 10,000 feet above the sea-level, and when fresh had the appearance of being drenched with blood, as though some large animal had been killed. The red snow is caused by the presence of a one-celled plant called *Protococcus mirabilis*, which reproduces itself by subdivision—that is, the cell divides itself into several new cells. This is done with great rapidity, and a few cells lodged in the snow, under favorable conditions, soon will give it the appearance called red snow. The phenomenon of red snow has been observed from the earliest times, as Aristotle has a passage which is thought to refer to it. The subject was, however, lost sight of until brought up by the investigations of Saussure, who found red snow on the Alps in 1760. He made chemical tests which showed him that the red color was due to the presence of vegetable matter, which he supposed might be the pollen of some plant. In 1819 an Arctic expedition under Captain Ross brought some specimens from the cliffs around Baffin's Bay, and they were examined by eminent botanists, some of whom mistook the nature of the plant, and there was long discussion as to its proper classification, some holding it to be a fungus, some a lichen; but it was finally set at rest as one of the unicellular algae.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Sultan and a Prussian Order.

On the 17th of February last, the steamship *Ceres*, having on board Prince Radzivil and Meyer von Bulow, arrived in the Dardanelles, these distinguished

personages being the bearers of the Grand Cross of the Black Eagle with which they were deputed on the part of the Emperor of Germany to invest His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey. At five o'clock on the same day, having been lodged at Dolmabahadse Palace, they set out for the Fildiz kiosk where Abdul Hamid was then stopping, and were received in the grand *salon* with all honors. Prince Radzivil having read the imperial autograph letter, proceeded with the aid of Meyer von Bulow to invest the Sublime Porte, who wore the Grand Collar of the Osmanli. His Imperial Majesty made a most gracious speech, assuring the special envoys of the honor he felt at being enrolled amongst the august recipients of this illustrious Order of the Black Eagle, and assuring Germany of the amicable sentiments of Turkey. After the investiture there was a banquet, followed by a ball.

Outrages in Ireland.

In one of his recent speeches, Secretary Forster referred to the visit, which we illustrate, made by him to a victim of a moonlight raid by the "No Rent" desperadoes who terrorize some parts of Ireland. The victim was a lone farmer, and had paid his rent. Fifteen or sixteen men broke into his house in the middle of the night, pulled him out of his bed, shot him, and then left him for dead. When visited by Mr. Forster at the workhouse at Tulla, he was in his death-agony, and soon after was carried out a corpse.

The Government House, Buenos Ayres.

Buenos Ayres, with its capital, the important commercial city of that name, is the leading member of the Argentine Federation, which includes fourteen provinces in all. The population of the province now approaches half a million, and is of a more unmixed European character than that of other countries in South America. Buenos Ayres, or "Good Air," as the place is called from the salubrity of its atmosphere, is a handsome city, 150 miles from the open sea, but conveniently situated for maritime traffic. It now contains nearly 300,000 inhabitants, with a very large and increasing trade, the value of yearly exports having reached nine millions sterling. There are several lines of railway connecting this port with the interior provinces. The seat of the National Argentine Government is here, with the official mansion of the President, General Rocha, and the Palace of the Federal Congress; the province has also its own Governor, Ministers and Legislative Assembly. Our illustration shows the Government House of the Argentine Republic, called the Casa Rosada, from its roseate pink color, in which the Federal President and Ministers reside. The fine new building adjacent is the National Post Office.

General Skobelev in St. Petersburg.

The return of General Skobelev to St. Petersburg on the 5th of March, after his memorable visit to Paris, was marked by an ovation which illustrated in a striking manner the popular sympathy with the sentiments avowed in his famous speech at the French capital. The officers of the different regiments, the students and the populace generally, assisted in the welcome, and the enthusiasm of the occasion was, in the language of the local press, "grand." There can be no doubt at all that Skobelev is the idol of the hour in St. Petersburg.

Tiumen, in West Siberia.

The town of Tiumen, in West Siberia, is situated on the Tura River, which flows by the Tobol into the Irtysh and Obi, and it is at this point that steamboat conveyance is taken to those rivers, and to the towns of Tobolsk, Omsk and Tomsk. The town has a population of 16,000, with thriving manufactures of iron, earthenware, glass, cloth, carpets and leather; but the houses are mostly built of wood, and the town has a mean and dreary aspect. It is the great depot for Russian convicts sent as prisoners to undergo sentences of transportation in Siberia; they are dispatched hence by crowded barge-loads down the river, but have afterwards to trudge long distances on foot. The wandering tribes of Kirghis Tartars, from the vast steppes which extend southeast to the Altai Mountains, are still met with in this province of Tobolsk. Tiumen is soon to be connected with Europe by railway.

The Aqueduct of Ephesus.

We recently printed a view of the ruins of the once proud City of Ephesus. This week we give a supplementary illustration of the broken arches and pillars of the aqueduct which once ranked among the great works of the now obliterated city.

The Insurrection in Herzegovina.

The name of St. Groce, which the harbor of Gravosa also bears, owes its origin to the depositing of a piece of the true cross in a church specially erected for its reception in the year 1429 by the Dominican monks. This harbor is one of the safest and largest in Dalmatia. Surrounded on all sides by mountains, it is completely free from the dangers attendant upon squalls and storms. Here, from one of the Lloyd line of steamships, were landed the Austrian troops and all the munitions for "grim-visaged war." The road is in the direction of Ragusa, laid through a veritable garden, the southern vegetation being at its best in this picturesque region.

New Water-service in Cochin-China.

On the 3d of January last the water-supply to Saigon, preparations for which were commenced in 1879, was formally inaugurated. The plans were by M. Thévenot, a French engineer of considerable fame and experience as a water engineer. Up to the inauguration of the new water supply, the inhabitants of Saigon were compelled to filter their own water, which, as it was full of decomposed matter of every description, was the source of constant disease. The civil authorities assisted at the ceremony, and a regiment of infantry, with its band, added to the dignity as well as the embellishment of the auspicious occasion. The Governor of Cochin-China, M. Le Myre de Villers, arrived upon the scene to the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise." His Excellency, in a sparkling speech, detailed the history of the water-works, and in singularly happy terms thanked the organizers of the water supply not only for the supply, but for the fête. In the evening a brilliant illumination accompanied by fireworks took place, while games of every description were indulged in by the Annamites.

A King's Summer Palace.

The Summer retreat of King Charles of Roumania is situated in the centre of the pine-clad range of the Carpathian Mountains, near the Monastery of Sinaia, founded in 1679. The Summer palace was erected by the King out of his private purse, and is delightfully situated. Near it, by the side of a double cascade, is a picturesque cottage, framed in pines and wild flowers, the hunting lodge of the King. The front of this structure is of varnished pine wood, and bears an inscription from the pen of the Roumanian poet Alexander, inviting travelers to enter. And it is no empty invitation, for during the season the King and Queen daily entertain at luncheon many favored guests. The Cabinet of the King is entirely ornamented with stag's horns, even to the writing table and inkstand, and on the floor are the skins of bears, shot by His Majesty himself. The reception and dining-rooms are in exquisite carved oak, the latter having lozenge windows of colored glass, and shelves running along near the ceiling, on which are rare old vases in metal and porcelain. The Queen's private apartments consist of three small rooms, *en suite*, and in each and all are to be found evidences of the presence of a refined and accomplished woman.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE International Literary Congress is to be held at Rome in May.

—THE Austrian Polar Expedition sailed last week for the Austro-Hungarian port of Pola.

—THE British Board of Trade has notified the Channel Tunnel Company not to proceed with further boring.

—THE Wisconsin Legislature has passed a law prohibiting the sale or use of toy pistols and toy firearms generally.

—CONNECTICUT's fish hatcheries are flourishing, and the demand has grown from 60,000 a month in the Spring of 1879 to 600,000 now.

—MORE than half the business portion of Hopkinton, Mass., was destroyed by fire on the 4th instant. The loss is stated at \$350,000.

—TWO veins of the finest magnetite ore—one of eighteen feet and the other of thirty-four—have been discovered in Mitchell County, N. C.

—It is believed in St. Petersburg that a treaty exists between Germany and Sweden by which the former will be aided by the latter in case of war with Russia.

—A DAUGHTER of Rev. Dr. W. H. Ryder, of Chicago, was married last week in a dress the material for which was purchased by her father in Damascus in 1849.

—THE sealing fleet off the Newfoundland coast are having a prosperous season. One steamship brought in a cargo of 8,300 hooded seals, yielding \$40,000 worth of fat.

—A WISCONSIN farmer bid \$500 in currency in his cellar, and the mice got at it and destroyed it, using it to make their nests. The farmer became insane at the loss and died.

—THE price of sperm oil has increased during the past year from 80 cents to \$1.07 per gallon, and New Bedford, Mass., is happy in the anticipation of a revival of the whaling industry.

—THE State Credit wing of the Tennessee Democracy has joined with the Low-tax wing in a call for a State Convention, and leaders of both factions are hopeful of a harmonious union.

—THE loss of the American Steamship Company, on last year's business, was \$106,504. The line, which is owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, will not, however, be abandoned.

—BLANCH DOUGLAS and the Malley boys were brought into court at New Haven, last week, and pleaded not guilty to the murder of Jennie Cramer. The trial will probably begin in about a fortnight.

—AN amendment to the Army Bill has been adopted in the House of Representatives providing for the compulsory retirement of officers who have served for forty years, or who are sixty-two years old, without exception.

—THERE were 13,330 deaths in Chicago last year, of which over one-half were those of children under five years of age. The death-rate was 25.61 per 1,000, against only 20.79 the previous year, and people are not unnaturally worried.

—OWING to a system of terrorism which is being practiced in Arizona Territory towards Chinamen, in addition to other acts of lawlessness, Governor Tritle, last week, telegraphed to the President, asking assistance for the protection of life and property.

—THE interesting fact was brought out in a recent case in a London police-court that the girls who make boys' suits are paid at the rate of two shillings per dozen suits, and that out of this sum they are obliged to purchase their own needles and cotton.

—THE Republican State Central Committee of Kentucky has decided not to call a convention to nominate a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals. This will leave the party free to support Colonel Jacob, the Anti-Bourbon candidate, who has begun a vigorous campaign.

—THE report of Attorney-General Turner upon the recent burning of the Mississippi River steamer *Golden City* at Memphis, Tenn., charges the mate and the captain of the vessel with gross and criminal negligence and carelessness, and they will be indicted on the charge of involuntary manslaughter.

—ALTHOUGH women vote freely in Wyoming, Governor Hoyt says that they don't care for office, and he never heard of one who desired active public life. A man may think one way and his wife another way, and yet they can get along harmoniously. The present Wyoming delegate in Congress is the strongest kind of a Democrat, while his wife is an enthusiastic Republican.

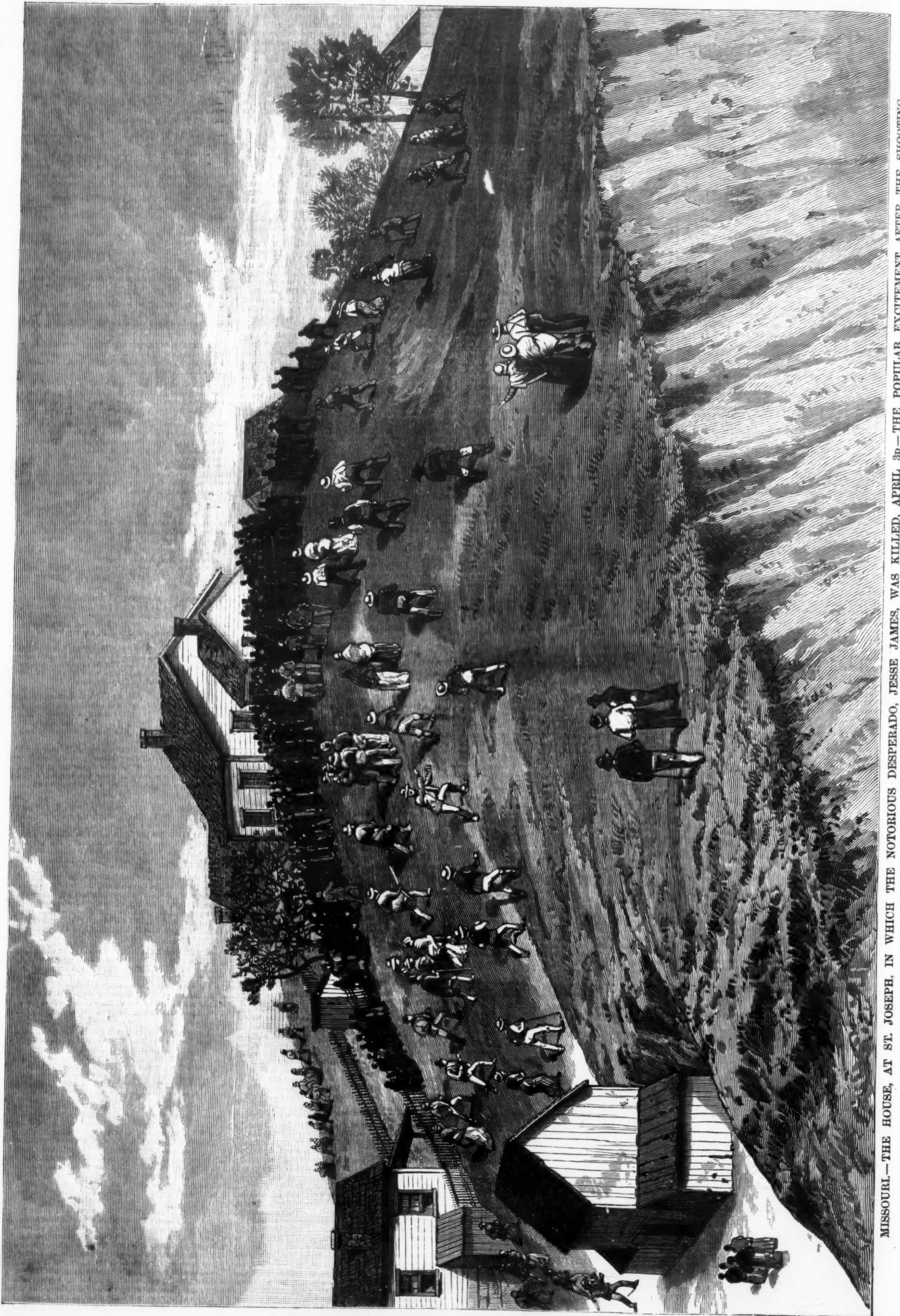
—Two rifles of exquisite workmanship, ordered by the United States Government, are on exhibition in Washington. They are intended as presents, one to the Sultan of Muscat, for courtesies extended this country in the presentation of a large collection of curiosities to the National Museum, and the other to the Rajah of one of the Philippine Islands for kindness to a shipwrecked American crew.

—In digging a drain in the cellar of an old house at St. Louis, which Montgomery Blair once occupied, nearly a bushel of buried treasure was found, in the shape of gold, silver and paper. None of the dates on the currency were later than 1832, and much of it was of last century coinage. Some of the pieces, by reason of their rarity, will be worth more than the face value. A rough estimate places the value of the treasure at \$17,000.

—In a recent interview between United States Minister Phelps and the Khedive of Egypt, the latter said he did not hesitate to express his preference for American sympathy and co-operation over that which had been offered from other sources. Referring to American schools and colleges, he said that America gave but asked nothing, while other nations asked everything and gave nothing.

—It is reported from Utah that President Taylor and some of the Mormon apostles who had their polygamous wives living in one house with them have scattered them out, fearing arrest under Section 3 of the Edmunds Bill, which makes cohabitation with more than one woman a misdemeanor. Taylor turned out all his wives, saying if he could not have them all he would not have any of them. This was probably to prevent dissatisfaction among them at partial treatment, but so long as they live in his houses, or in houses provided by him, it is not apparent how he has helped himself much.

—JOHN McAULEY, a well-known and eccentric citizen of Chicago, recently conceived the idea of boxing himself up and obtaining transportation to Philadelphia as merchandise. So he had a box made six feet long and eighteen inches wide, provided a week's provisions, and had himself nailed in, while the outside was marked, "This side up—Handle with care—Choice flowers." The charges were prepaid at express rates, and the box with its living freight left Chicago, but the express messenger grew suspicious near Van Wert, Ohio, had the box opened and the practical joker had to go to jail until he could explain that he was not a train robber or criminal of any sort.



MISSOURI.—THE HOUSE, AT ST. JOSEPH, IN WHICH THE NOTORIOUS DESPERADO, JESSE JAMES, WAS KILLED, APRIL 3d.—THE POPULAR EXCITEMENT AFTER THE SHOOTING.
FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 118.



CALIFORNIA.—THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—ON THE WAY TO A FESTIVAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119.

LAFITTE'S HAND.

A STRANGE STORY FROM WESTERN TEXAS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

"YOU'RE a don't-care sort of a fellow, captain; but there's points against us—they loafing Greasers are not on the square; and then there is Bram Bowie! If we get him on our trail, you'll be in a taller scrape than you can manage."

"Bram Bowie be dashed! Big as he is, I'll settle his blanked account! Revolvers make all men equal."

The speakers were slowly stalking up and down the shady side of a rambling log-house on the headwaters of the Colorado. The tinkling of their bell-spurs chimed softly to their muttered words, but this slight noise unconsciously annoyed men whose whole life was a watch, and they leaned against the trunk of a great live oak and continued their conversation—the younger of the two often emphasizing his remarks with the crack of his riding-whip or a sinister movement towards his pistol. He was a young man admirably formed for activity and endurance, and, though slight and small, exceedingly handsome. Looking at him as he stood talking, his face was cruel and crafty as that of a tiger; but its usual expression was one of gentle, even of pensive, thoughtfulness. It was the face of a man to whom virtue was still possible, for whom love might still hope and strive.

But that of his companion offered no speculation. It was positively and absolutely bad. There was not a sin of the civilized world that was not written upon it. He had bloodshot eyes, in which there was a terrier look—as if he was mentally worrying some one—a humped back, a square, hanging jaw, and a bullet forehead, over which fell a shock of red hair, hacked to a convenient length with his bowie knife. But the distinguishing horror of the man was his hand—a cruel, crawling, loathsome hand, with long, lean fingers flattened and broadened at their extremities like the heads of deadly serpents; a hand white as clay and covered with red hairs—the hand of a human devil.

The conversation between these two men was evidently an irritating one; the elder seemed to delight in making it so, the younger scarcely controlled his anger.

"Sacristie!" he hissed, "you must be growing a coward, Lafitte!"

"A coward! Well, I like that, youngster! I was in a hundred fights before you were out of your cradle! But 'coward' or not, don't you go this time by Olympia Cañon, that's all, Captain Dick Llano!"

He had been untying his horse as he spoke, he mounted it at the last word, and, with a curt, half-contemptuous nod, rode leisurely away.

Two people only had watched this scene—one a negro, who was engaged in skinning a deer which was hanging head downward from the branch of an adjoining oak; the other, a young girl, who leaned in an idle fashion against one of the veranda posts. The post itself was thickly covered with the dark green foliage of a jasmine vine, and it made a lovely background to her fair young face, with its creamy-white complexion and large, lustrous black eyes.

The youth advanced towards her impatiently striking his high riding-boots with his whip at every step; she watched him with a tender admiration, in which, however, there was a shadow of disapproval and distrust.

"Come in, Kate. I want my supper, Beauty." "I wonder you can eat it after talking with that brute Lafitte. I just looked at him and he took my appetite away."

The house was a log one of six rooms, every room separated from the adjoining one by a wide passage, and all facing east and west. Many things about it, even to the most careless observer, indicated the presence of a gentle and cultivated woman. Over its bare log walls vines had been trained till it looked like a gigantic bower, and in these vines great numbers of singing-birds built without any attempt at secrecy. A number of fine oaks cast a perpetual and gracious shade around it, and under each there was a carefully kept circle of turf and a rude chair. Here and there were a few hardy flowers, and the picket-fence inclosing the house lot had been used as a standard for bean and cucumber vines.

Inside, also, Kate's womanly taste had made the most of what little furniture there was. The raw-hide chairs had gayly patched cushions and netted tidies. The large bed in the corner was like a drift of snow, and the window was prettily shaded with a single dropped curtain, which the breeze fluttered gently to and fro. On a table beside it there was a large jar of gathered tuberose and heliotrope, and the evening meal was laid in a manner by no means usual in that locality. Dick Llano was far too accustomed now to these privileges to give them any special notice. He glanced at the delicate clabber and mealy red sweet potatoes, at the jerked beef and wild honey, and inhaled with a sniff of sensual pleasure the delicious aroma of the coffee—but he was not thinking of these things.

He flung his whip down and drew a chair to the table. Then a great hound that had been watching him anxiously drew near, and seated himself between Dick and his sister. Both of them glanced at the dog and smiled, and Kate gave him a saucer of milk. Dick watched her thoughtfully a few minutes, and then said:

"Kate, I am going to say something to you, and I don't expect you to sob and faint like other women would do. You are to talk to me like the good fellow you are in a sensible way. Suppose I should be suddenly killed, what would you do?"

She answered quite calmly: "I should go to San Antonio and get Aunt Mercedes to come and stay with me."

"If she would not, what then?"

"I should try some one else. You see, Dick, it would be a pity to leave the place. I should have to sell the servants, and I like them too much to do that willingly. Then there are the dogs, and the milk cows, and the chickens; besides, in such a case, dear Dick, I should want to stay always where you and I have been so happy."

Dick was sensibly pleased at her last remark; he looked proudly at her.

"Kate, what if you married?"

"What, indeed! I never had a lover."

"Bram Bowie."

"He never said a word of love to me."

"He looks it."

"Very well—but girls like lovers who speak."

"And I don't know about Bram. Lafitte has been telling me some things about him."

"And you let Lafitte slander Bram? I like, I am ashamed of you! Never you mind anything Lafitte says. Why do you have dealing with such a villain?"

"He is a scant pattern of a man, I'll own that, Kate; but come to a fight, and he'll empty more saddles than any other three men. So, in the way of my business—"

"Your—your business? What is it?"

His face darkened in a moment, and he answered her almost sullenly: "My business is like every business, other men's money. Bah! you are right, Kate, that bit of venom has taken my appetite away."

He pushed his chair aside, and went out again, followed by the hound, who imitated his master's haughty way in an admirable manner—holding his tail as erect as possible, as if to assert that he considered himself the equal of any dog alive. Dick Llano sauntered up to the negro, who had by this time finished his job, and was wiping his hunting-knife. The change in his face as Dick approached was a transformation. The black countenance seemed almost to become luminous; it was easy to see that if this heathen had an idol, it was his young master. Dick took the adoration, as such extravagant love is always taken, with a kindly tolerance; but, to old Africa, a smile or a word from Dick was the favor of a god. That he had nursed this young deity when he was a helpless infant never militated a moment now from the splendid attributes with which he invested him. Master Dick was heaven and earth to old Africa; the great mass of human beings he endured, Miss Kate he admired, but Master Dick he loved with a passionate, unreasoning affection.

"Well, Africa?"

"Tis not well, mass'r—it is neber well when mass'r Lafitte say 'do dis,' and 'go dar.'"

"Africa, I want you to watch Lafitte for me."

"Day and night—day and night, ef you say so, mass'r."

"Africa, I do believe you would die for me."

"Glad to do it—glad to do it! Who has I but you?" and the negro stood looking in his face with a worship there was no mistaking.

Dick looked gratefully at the devotee, and offered him a bit of tobacco with the air of a king giving a province; and Africa accepted it with a sense of joy and triumph few royal favors have ever elicited.

"Africa, I start to-night with a large drove. Lafitte says we are watched, and that Bowie's Rangers have orders to track us to our rendezvous on the Pecos. He says all our plans and the names of our confederates have been betrayed, and he advises me not to go through Olympia Cañon. What would you do?"

"Keep him by your own saddle, mass'r Dick, and shoot him if he—"

"But he says he will not go, if I am determined to take our usual route."

"Den shoot him afore you start, or, mass'r, let me"—and he drew his long, keen hunting-knife out of his belt with a most expressive gesture.

"No, Africa; not unless I was sure."

"You done call him 'coward,' mass'r Dick—why you not call him traitor, too?"

"Ah, Africa, then you think as I do? Now, when you are sure of this, if I am not there to pay him his wages, I'll leave the debt to you, Africa. I know—you'll pay it!"

"Dead or alive—dead or alive, I'll pay it! I'll pay it!" and the intense passion of the words made Dick shiver from head to foot. He turned away without any answer, but the gurgle of the wind among the trees, and the shaking of the vines around the house, seemed full of the whispering, deadly hate of that weird promise.

As he went in at one door he saw Kate standing at the other, her tall figure and noble face sharply outlined by the moonshine. His heart smote him bitterly as he looked at her. She had given up everything for him; and he? What had he done? What was he going to do? Suddenly he resolved to confide in her, at least in part. She was not like other women; she would under no circumstances make a scene. He stood beside her, and laid his hand lovingly on her shoulder; he drew her face towards him, and kissed her almost solemnly. "Kate," he said in a low, soft voice, "I want to tell you something. I am going to-night on a dangerous road. I may never come back, dear sister. Will you believe, first of all, that I have always loved you?"

"I know it, Dick."

"I am going to join my cavallard on the Pecos. My plans have been well laid, and I expect to pick up there at least two thousand head of horses—unless I have been betrayed as I fear. In that case, we shall have a stiff brush with Bowie's men, and I may be killed—or hung—"

"But if the horses are yours, Dick, what have Bowie's men to do with them?"

"They say they are not mine."

"Dick, you are not a horse-thief, I suppose?"

"That is an ugly word, Kate, and I don't think I deserve it exactly. You see, I have paid for the horses—not full price, of course, but something, for all of them."

"Who did you buy them of?"

"Greasers—and such."

"To put it plain, Dick, you mean Mexicans and Indian horse-thieves."

"Well, that is about right."

"Oh, Dick! Oh, dear, dear Dick!"

"No use to worry about it, Kate. I was led into the business three years ago by Lafitte. I was a youngster then, and he took advantage of me, but I've made a good-sized pile. There is forty thousand dollars in San Antonio Bank. Here is the book, Kate; it is all yours."

"Thank you, Dick. I would rather not have it."

"As you like. The house and lot father bought with clean money—every dollar of it; the papers are with Juan Gonzales. You will take them?"

"Yes, Dick." The answer was in a whisper; great tears were slowly falling, but she made no other sign of the agony that wrung her heart. "Who has betrayed you? How do you know that you are betrayed?" she asked.

"Lafitte came to tell me. He said some one had written a letter to the sheriff, giving exact information as to our route and the stock we are carrying over."

"Who do you think wrote that letter?"

"Lafitte himself."

"I think so. What induced him to do it?"

"First a reward of one thousand dollars offered by the county for such information; second, his hatred of me—he hates me because others love me, because I have 'run' more horses in a drove than he could in twenty; because he fears me—oh, for a hundred things besides. I think he would gladly ruin himself to insure my ruin."

"Dick, dear Dick, don't go! Why should you? You have often promised to take me to New York; let us start to-night. From this hour wash your hands from such a dreadful life. I don't blame you, dear; I can see how you have been led into it; but now listen to me, Dick, for who loves you as I do! Come away with me for ever from this place, if it is necessary."

"I cannot at this time, Kate. It would be mean to desert my men in such a strait. I'll see them through this scrape, but when I get back I'll quit the crowd for ever. I'll promise you that."

He held her hands in his, and he felt a tear drop upon them. It hurt him like a dagger-thrust. In the dead silence that followed, a fiery mocking bird above them sung with a fierce passion that had something uncanny in it. Kate could never after bear to hear one.

"What does it know?" she said, with a forced laugh. "What has it come to tell us, Dick? Birds have always been a prophesying race, you know, Dick. Listen to the creature! It says 'Stay at home.' Stay at home! Don't go for anything!"

As she spoke they both saw at the same time a rider coming across the prairie as rapidly as a spectre, and almost as noiselessly.

"Who is it?" asked Kate, in a whisper.

Dick laughed a little. "Only Mirijilda, our Apache scout." And Dick walked to the gate and spoke a few words with him. Then Kate saw him turn and ride away in the moonlight again, his gigantic form leaning forward nearly to his horse's neck, and his hair streaming like a sheet of darkness over his swelling, painted shoulders.

"I must go now, Kate." Dick had suddenly become another man. That mild, pensive expression that gave his face almost womanish beauty had quite gone, and in its place was the true imperial look—the ruling look—that half-coerces, half-cajoles and wholly persuades. "I must go now, Kate. Darling sister, farewell!"

"Not 'farewell,' Dick. Only good-by, dear—only good-by!"

"Then only good-by! When I get back we will take that trip to New York. We have got cousins somewhere in the big city; we'll find them out and shake hands with them."

"Oh, Dick, what a thing that would be!"

He kissed her tenderly, and the next moment approached the hound and said something to it. The dog whined and whimpered, but, obedient to his master's order, went and lay down at Kate's feet. It was characteristic of the man, that, as he passed the flowers at the window, he stooped down and inhaled their fragrance. As he lifted his head he saw Kate watching him, and with a smile he took from the vase a spray of white jasmine, and as he passed her again laid it in her lap. Ah, me! such a little flower to hold such bitter memories for evermore!

In a few minutes Africa came in. Kate looked in his face and knew that Dick had gone.

"Will you go round the lot and see that all is right, Africa; there has been an Indian here."

"I know, missee. Africa done promise mass'r Dick he take care ob you and eberything on de place. Missee go to bed now, and sleep while sleep can come. When trouble come he keep de eyes open."

"What is it you fear, Africa?"

"When mass'r Dick leave de gate, missee, Africa saw a dark shadow leave wid him; and as he rode ober de prairie still I see dat shadow ride on—always, always close by his side. Missee know what dat mean?" And Kate, looking fearfully into Africa's face, saw there that dreadful gleam that such unlooked-for passers leave.

The charge left to Africa was no unusual one; during Dick's absences he had been accustomed to take entire control of the ranch and stock. Nor was the negro unfit for such a care. His fidelity was as strong as death, and he was by no means ignorant. Indeed his position as Dick Llano's agent was so thoroughly understood that Africa's written engagement or order was as readily taken as his master's; and there was scarcely a ranchman in West Texas unfamiliar with Africa's peculiar handwriting. True, it had no legal value, but every one knew while Dick or Kate Llano had a dollar they were worth all they promised. Nor were the Llanos in much danger of being

wronged by forged engagements in Africa's name; for, in the first place, the Texan scarcely stoops to so mean a crime, and, in the second, had there been a man capable of it, he would have found it a very, very difficult matter to imitate the old negro's writing, which was a peculiar mixture of written and printed signs, of capitals and small letters. This point must be remembered as it bears in an important manner on the future tragedy.

Meanwhile Dick had joined his Apache scout at the creek, and the two rode all night long under the waning moonlight. The next day they struck that old, hungry negative of all things, that grizzly, naked savageness—the staked plain; but they pushed on, until utterly exhausted they dropped into the Pecos Valley. No, valley is a misnomer; the Pecos has no valley, but wriggles along its hideous course like a canal whose level shores are white with skeletons, and bleached by a hot wind-drifting sand for ever.

Never had the life he was leading seemed so utterly detestable to Dick Llano. Over and over he told himself that once out of this scrape he would wash himself clean for ever from its horrors and dangers. The romance and charm of the occupation had suddenly evaporated; he saw it in its most ignoble aspects. On the Pecos he came up with his cavallard. As he half-expected, Lafitte was not there, nor was there many more than half the horses and men agreed upon, and these, as regarded both animals, were of the meanest and poorest kind. He felt as if he had sold himself for naught. Still he did not feel as if he could desert them until they were safe across the Rio Grande; after that he would resign all his right in the business, and they could take the stock and appoint whom they wished as captain in his stead. He would not leave them while there was any danger, but once he had them across the river, he was bent on returning to his home.

So he hurried forward as fast as possible. The Pecos was safely passed, and the Apache Mountains reached. Everywhere now there was nothing but cañons and gorges, nude and rusty as iron, and they must have perished but for the little grassy valleys between. On through Olympia Cañon, where Lafitte had said Bowie's men would be waiting for them, but they saw no sign of any stranger, and so, full of hope, the weary fugitives almost cantered down the continuous easy descent to the Sierra Blanca. Once over this ugly range they would reach the Rio Grande Valley, and could rest among the jacals and sweet, silvery onion beds of El Paso.

It was here, where they had hoped to rest, they found their enemy waiting. Waking one morning in the gray dawn, they found themselves surrounded by Bowie's Rangers. From the first moment, Dick knew there was no hope of either victory or escape. If Lafitte, and a score of men like him, had been by his side, he would have made a fight for life or liberty, but the men around him were thieves, and not fighters. Mirijilda had disappeared, the rest hastened to procure indemnity by swearing they were merely Dick Llano's hired men. Dick only accepted with a haughty silence the misfortune that had come upon him. Bowie himself was full of annoyance in facing his duty. He had long loved Kate Llano, and he wished with all his heart that Tom had escaped. But the men in his command were in a highly incensed state of mind. They had been called from home when their crops and cattle needed them, and all, more or less, were sufferers from these organized bands of horse-thieves. They were for hanging Dick at once.

"Give him a rope and a black-jack shirt," they cried, unanimously.

Bowie's influence was strained to the utmost in order to get the majority to agree in carrying the culprit back to the settlements for a fair trial.

"If we hang him here his friends will say ugly things about our motives; besides, he only can give exact information as to the right owners of the animals," urged Bowie, and, after some disputing, the plan was accepted.

Half a dozen picked men took charge of the prisoner and rode homeward with him. What a weird, weary ride to death it had been! Dick shuddered and shut his eyes many a time as he retraced his unfortunate steps.

His only hope was in Bram Bowie. This famous ranger was the very man to tie to in any trouble that did not involve guilt. As it was, Dick had seen his eyes fill, and his lips twitch, when he looked at him. If he had to die he thought he would like Kate to marry such a man; he thought it would be easy for any woman to love so handsome, and honorable, and brave a soldier. For Bram was one of those frontier heroes in whose faces the history of Texas may be read. He had been born on a battle-field, and reared in his solitary home in skill and craft against wild men and wild beasts, until he had eyes all round him, and ears like an Indian. And, withal, his nature had a certain grand tranquillity, like the great windless depths of the Texas forests.

At length they reached the Colorado again. Dick looked sadly at the clear, sweet stream, which is said to draw back to it all who have once drank of its waters. Two miles beyond it was Kate and home. He had been taken to Bowie's house, and was a watched prisoner in it.

"Bowie," said Dick, "I want to see my sister. Will you send for her?"

"I'll go myself, Dick. Dick, I am just about as miserable as you are; I wish to God there was anything I could do!"

"There is nothing, Powie. You must do your duty. I wish I had done mine."

The man went out biting his lips, and when he returned Kate was with him. Oh, what a bitter meeting! What shame and sorrow and unavailing regret! Dick thought there was no hope. Kate would not believe that. She knew that Bowie would do his best, and with all the men present she pleaded Dick's cause, until many a rough hand wiped gentle tears

away. After Bowie had taken her home again, she determined to tell Africa, and under his protection rode around to all the adjacent ranches and beg them on the morrow to be merciful. But Africa in some way had already divined the dismal news. She found him sitting on the floor of his cabin rocking himself slowly to and fro, with a stern, tearless face, equally wretched and hopeless.

"Taint no use, missee," he said; "I done see two dead men leave Mass'r Bram's house, and dem two dead men were my young mass'r and ole Africa."

Early in the morning the jury summoned the previous night assembled at Bowie's. Unfortunately for Dick, they were all men to whom horses represented the most solid interest of existence. Negroes were only born to take care of horses; corn and oats were only planted to feed them; pistols had been invented to defend them; God had made the prairies specially as a pasture for them. To steal a horse in these men's eyes was a crime to which murder or treason seemed venial in comparison. And Dick's daring and popularity, his skill in organizing raids, and his courage in carrying over the rider such large droves, had made him for three years a thorn in the side of the whole country west of the San Saba and the Red Fork. Without Dick Llano, Mirijida and Lafitte were useless; no men would work under them.

The sheriff of the county was there and read the letter already alluded to. Bowie spoke in a scathing manner of the disgrace of condemning men on anonymous information. "I would not hang the meanest cur I have because some cowardly villain wrote and said he had bit him, and then was afraid to put his name against the charge." Then he spoke of Dick's youth, and of the great services his father had done Texas in her early struggle for freedom. Finally, he offered to become security for his future good behavior. The man's speech, though hesitating, had that touching eloquence which profound emotion strongly controlled represents. Kate's beauty and sorrow and sisterly devotion added to the merciful sentiment; for a few moments after Lafitte's speech it seemed probable that Dick's life would be spared. The men stood together in groups, talking in whispers, and old Africa watched them with a scorn and hatred he took no trouble to conceal.

The question was decided by the entrance of Lafitte. He came as a penitent, prepared to confess all, and more than all, if he could by any means compass Dick's death. He ignored Dick altogether, and addressed himself with a wily eloquence to the jury. He had important information to give about horses and horse-thieves, and he gave it. There was no longer any doubt as to the result. Only Bowie, of all present, refused to sanction the death sentence. When Kate began to plead, the men, unable to endure her tears, left the room as solemnly as if death was already in it—all except Bowie and Lafitte. Perhaps it was because Bowie covered the exit of the latter with his pistol that he remained; but, as he felt himself compelled to resume his seat, he glanced at Dick with a stealthy, smiling hate that was hideous to see.

Bowie felt as if he could strangle the reptile, and Africa raised himself from the ground—where he had sat embracing his master's knees—and faced him. The negro was possessed, no one could doubt it. Bowie watched him in amazement; Lafitte shivered and cowered under the basilisk eyes which regarded him:

"Cursed—cursed—cursed!" the negro cried, in a hoarse whisper, "now and for eber! You wrote dat letter, you did, and I se gwine to cut de right hand off you!" And as he spoke he drew his keen hunting-knife and rushed upon the traitor. Bowie felt as if he was in a dream; for a moment the terrible passion of the negro fascinated him, the next he rose to interfere, but, before he could do so, there was a click and a shot, and Africa fell.

"Dead or alive, I'll cut it off yet!" he cried, with the fury of a demoniac, and then tottered towards his idol, with a look in which was concentrated an eternity of love. It would have gone hard with Lafitte the next moment but for Bowie; but the man's sense of justice prevailed even over his loathing hatred. "He did it in self-defense, boys," he said, calmly; "the negro would have killed him else." And with a few muttered curses and glances of contempt they strolled outside again. For it had been decided that Dick must die at sunset, and they sat down in the shade to smoke and wait for the hour. It was scarcely worth while to break another day about a young horse-thief, especially as there was an election on hand, and the little county town on the morrow would be a lively place.

"Bowie," said Dick, with a bright, tearless eye, "throw my blanket over Africa; in an hour or two you can bury us together."

Bowie did it, and then turning to the wretched brother and sister said: "Dick, is there anything on earth I can do for you?"

"Yes, Bowie, there is. I am willing to die; I have, perhaps, deserved it; but, for my father's sake, spare me the shame of being hung. I sha'n't mind a pistol-shot from you, and there are plenty of good rifles here. Ask these men for my father's sake to do me this favor."

Bowie nodded and went out. He staid some time, but he came in with a hopeless face. The tragedy that had just occurred seemed to have been put in some way or other to Dick's account. The men were angry and impatient. Bowie himself thought it was as well to shorten so terrible a trial for all who cared for the lad. So, just as the sun dropped towards the west, they led him out to die. He was quite calm, and Kate kissed him over and over with a despairing love that even through its great agony strove to breathe of hope and of forgiveness.

"God is more merciful than man, Dick," she cried. "He will pardon the contrite; so,

brother, I give you a rendezvous in a better world than this. Remember!"

She did not follow him out of the house, and Bowie remained by her side, for the tree selected as the tree of punishment was almost at the door.

"Gentlemen," said Dick, "I asked a favor you thought it right to refuse me. Still I ask it once more. Is there any one here who, for my father's sake, will give Dick Llano a man's death?"

No one spoke.

Suddenly Kate appeared on the veranda. "Stop one moment," she cried, in a voice that compelled attention. "Dick! oh, Dick! I will do it!" and, with the words, he fell dead with a ball through his heart.

The next moment Kate was lying insensible in Bowie's arms, and he had quietly put his pistol in his belt again.

In the confusion no one cared to make an inquiry; the man was dead, that was enough. There was a cry of "Saddle up before sundown," and Bowie was very soon left with the two dead men and the insensible woman. They could scarcely have been left in more pitiful hands.

When Kate came back to her wretched self again it was midnight. Two negro women were watching her, and Bowie was sitting on the moonlit veranda, his great heart almost broken for the sorrowful girl inside. The bodies of Dick and Africa had been buried under one of the great oaks that shaded the Llano homestead. Bowie had taken them there, and with his own hands laid over the grave the green turf it had displaced. He thought this would be the thing Kate would like best.

When he returned from his sad duty Lafitte was at his gate. He said he felt ill, and was afraid to ride further, and asked to be allowed to stay until the morning. Bowie pointed to a small room on the north veranda, but he never spoke to him, and Lafitte saw that his company was not desired, and that, in fact, Bowie would peremptorily refuse it if offered. So he went to the room pointed out, and a servant took him some beef and bread and a cup of coffee.

Bowie cared no more about him; he had far more interesting things to think about. Kate was in his house; she had been conscious of his sympathy in that last supreme moment of her brother's life, and had relied upon his help. Did she love him? And when the first sorrow for her brother's death was over, would she trust her life to his care?

Soon after midnight he became conscious of a Presence! He knew not what it was, but it passed him swift as the wind, and the next moment a long, loud, horror-stricken shriek seemed to fill the whole atmosphere with clamor. Kate, and the women watching by her, heard it, and fled, white and trembling, out of the house. The negroes in the quarters heard it, and from every cabin they stumbled out screaming, "Mass'r Bram! Mass'r Bram!" "Indians," was probably the first thought of all, especially as the dogs were howling in an unearthly manner, but a few minutes sufficed to explode this fear. Far and wide no living thing troubled the peace of nature. The night was exquisitely warm, and light and still; the very cattle seemed to be asleep and dreaming.

Then Bowie noticed that of all on the place Lafitte alone had not heard the cry. They went in a body to his room. He sat in a large chair by the open window, still dressed, his pipe and newspaper fallen into a little pool of blood on the floor. He was quite dead, though scarcely cold, and on the table at his side, cut off from his body, lay his right hand. Kate stood with parted lips and deathlike face gazing at it; Bowie after a moment touched it, to assure himself it was not a vision. Then he noticed that beside the fingers there was a piece of paper.

"Why, that is Africa's writing!" gasped Kate, in a horrified whisper; and, stooping forward, she and Bowie read these words in the negro's unmistakable hand: "DEAD OR ALIVE, AFRICA KEEPS HIS WORD!"

Far and wide the wondrous circumstance spread. Bowie would not suffer a thing to be touched, and sent riders to all the men who had been present at poor Dick's execution. Each man brought a little crowd with him, and all saw and read with a trembling terror the supernatural message. Some skeptic suggested that perhaps Africa had written this message and given it to Lafitte before the latter shot him, and that Lafitte had been examining it when he himself had been touched by the finger of Death. But the whole company relapsed into a solemn silence after the following conversation between Captain Bowie and the sheriff:

"Sheriff, what time was it when Africa was killed?"

"Four o'clock, precisely."

"What time was it when you gave me the San Antonio Herald?"

"A quarter past six. I had mounted my horse and was leaving your gate when you asked me if I had a late newspaper. I gave you the San Antonio Herald."

"Do you know the date?"

"Surely. I got it in San Antonio a week ago to-day. It was June 18th."

"Gentlemen," said Bowie, "I have only this to say. When I came back from burying Dick Llano and his servant, Lafitte stood at my gate. He asked for a night's lodging. He said he was sick; he looked to me like a man in mortal terror. I would not speak to him, but I gave him a room and sent him some supper. He told Cassie, my housekeeper, to ask me for a newspaper, and I sent him the very one the sheriff gave me, and from which you will see this slip has been torn."

Then all looked again at Africa's message. It was written on the top of the San Antonio paper, and the date was June 18th.

"Gentlemen, I was present when Africa was shot. The words which provoked the shot were these: 'You wrote dat letter, and I se gwine to cut de right hand off you!' Then,

after he fell, he gasped out with his dying breath, 'Dead or alive, I'll do it!' Gentleman, Africa has kept his word."

THE PERILS OF THE SEA.

OUR illustration on page 124 depicts a scene in a tragedy of the sea of which the press has recently given full accounts. On the 22d of December last, the British ship *Milton*, Captain McArthur, when in latitude 3 degrees 45 minutes north, longitude 109 degrees 30 minutes west, took fire, and all efforts to stay the flames proving abortive, the officers and crew, some hours later, abandoned the doomed vessel in three boats. The captain's boat contained his wife and two children, with six of the crew. For a time all the boats kept together, but finally they became separated. The captain's pinnace drifted up and down the ocean up to the 18th of January, still hopeful of reaching land, but on that day the water gave out, the provisions failed, and for some days after, the men, growing constantly weaker, suffered untold horrors. On the 2d of February one of the captain's children only two years of age died, and the remains were committed to the deep. Three days after one of the men died, and the day following still another. On that day, the 6th, land was sighted, and some hours later a Mexican schooner appeared off Roque's Island, latitude 27 degrees 9 minutes, longitude 114 degrees 40 minutes, and the surviving castaways after forty-six days of exposure were rescued. Three days later they were transferred to the American passenger steamer *Neuborn*, bound from San Francisco for the Mexican ports in the Gulf of California. Two of the disabled men were so weak that they could not rise from the bottom of the boat, and were lifted to the deck of the steamer in the manner shown in our illustration. On the 9th one of the rescued seamen died from his exhaustion and was buried at sea. The remainder of the party reached San Francisco in safety. While in his open boat at sea, Captain McArthur sailed, owing to contrary winds and currents, 2,619 miles, going as far west as 124 degrees 50 minutes and 28 degrees 50 minutes north. His best day's work in boat was 132 miles; his poorest, eleven miles.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Professor Palmieri of the McVenus Observatory has, in the course of his spectro-analytical examinations of lava, just discovered a new line which corresponds exactly with that of helium, the famous element hitherto seen in the solar spectrum only.

A Marble Bust of the German Emperor was recently deposited in the Hohenzollern Museum at Berlin, which came from the chisel of the Crown Princess, who had already distinguished herself in many exhibitions by her paintings and drawings. It is a striking likeness, and the execution of the work is excellent.

Dr. Werner Siemens says it has certainly been proved, by direct comparison of sunlight with electric light, that a white object, electrically illuminated, appears yellow compared with one illuminated by sunlight, whereas illuminated by gaslight it appears red. Daylight would accordingly appear by night still bluer than the electric light.

The Continued Ravages of the phylloxera in French vineyards have caused a search for a substitute for the vine, which one enthusiast claims to have discovered in a very sweet red beet root which produces by fermentation an excellent wine. It possesses the additional advantage of accommodating itself to all soils, and flourishes in most climates.

The Project of tunneling Mont Blanc is much discussed. Such a tunnel would be 44,292 feet long, and would shorten the distance between Paris and Brindisi by twenty-four miles. If carried on at the same rate of progress as the St. Gotthard, the boring will occupy nearly six years, at a cost of \$10,500,000, this sum, however, not including the expense of making the approaches, etc.

A New Kind of Fuel is reported from Iowa in an inflammable shale, which was discovered in a shaft sunk for coal in Mix County. The shale contains an element of petroleum, and burns well in coal stoves. The shale is found thirty-six feet from the surface. Over it is a roof of slate, and under a block of earth that is neither clay nor loam. The bed can be traced along the river bluff for several miles.

Successful Experiments with liquid fuel have been made in London. Steam is sent by means of a jet fixed through the sight-hole of the furnace-door, which draws up and forces into the furnace, in the form of fine spray, a "special paraffin oil," while the air requisite for combustion is drawn in and highly heated in transit. No cold air enters at all; and even with dampers closed, the combustion is perfect, and the temperature is much intensified.

Symbiosis is a new term to express the mutual relation between certain vegetables and animals. The green color of the sea anemone is largely, if not wholly, due to the presence of green unicellular algae inclosed in the cellular structure of the outer tissues, and many other animals, as corals and jelly-fish, have green or yellow algae thus imprisoned in their tissues. These algae have a distinct life and death and method of reproduction of their own; they secrete starch, give out oxygen, at the same time removing the carbonic acid of the animals, and thus prove of much service to the animals they affect.

Several Miles of Edison's electric railway at Menlo Park have been completed, and a party were recently carried over this road by electricity at the rate of over twenty miles per hour. The track is like that of any ordinary railroad, involving curves, grades (one over thirty feet to the mile), with the various obstacles of ravines, streams and rocks. The electricity is communicated from the generators, some 300 yards away, by two heavy wires, one connecting with each track. The tracks are insulated by covering the ends of the ties with a non-conducting compound. The wheels take up the electricity from the tracks and communicate with the dynamo-electric machine and gearing in the locomotive.

Death-roll of the Week.

APRIL 2D.—At Middletown, Conn., Professor Henry A. Gardley, of the Berkeley Divinity School; at Newark, N. J., Fidel Schund, a leader in the German Revolution of 1848, aged 78. April 3d.—At Richmond, N. Y., Abram V. Connor, Sheriff of Richmond County, aged 71. April 5th.—At Cincinnati, Rev. Dr. Max Lillenthal, a prominent Jewish rabbi and author of several works on Jewish theology, aged 67; at New Orleans, Major Charles W. Howell, United States Engineers; at Medford, Mass., Rev. John D. Pierce, formerly Superintendent of Public Instruction in Michigan and a prominent Mason, aged 85. April 6th.—At Norwich, Conn., Rev. Dr. Hiram P. Arms, a prominent Congregational clergyman, aged 82; at Yarmouth, Me., Warren Phillips, a leading Mason; in Germany, Frederick William Kücken, a popular musical composer, aged 71; in France, Pierre G. F. Le Play, a distinguished engineer and scientific writer, aged 76; in Bermuda, Sir Robert Michael Laffan, Governor of the Bermudas. April 7th.—At New Orleans, Colonel Jackson Wharton, United States Marshal and a prominent Republican politician; at Berlin, Germany, Frederic Drake, a celebrated German sculptor, aged 77; at San Remo, Italy, Right Rev. Frederick Barker, Bishop of Sydney, New South Wales, aged 74.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENATOR LOGAN has gone to the Arkansas Hot Springs for his health.

J. J. PIATT, the Cincinnati poet, has been nominated for Consul at Cork.

TENNISON has just recovered from a sharp attack of gout in the right arm.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will sail for America on the 26th instant for the benefit of his health.

EX-GOVERNOR W. W. HOLDEN, of North Carolina, was attacked with paralysis at his home in Raleigh last week.

SARAH BERNHARDT was married on the 4th instant, in London, to M. Damala, a Greek gentleman of position.

EX-SENATOR CONKLING has been invited to address the students of the Virginia Agricultural College at the next commencement.

CANNON, the much-married Mormon delegate in Congress, has twenty-one children, and has established a school for their education.

THE Michigan State Dental Association has just admitted its first female member—Dr. Harriet L. Martindale, of Grand Rapids.

GUIZEAU has sold to a circus proprietor the suits he wore when he shot Garfield and during his trial for \$250 and \$100 respectively.

BARON KURD VON SCHLOZEN, late Minister at Washington, has been officially gazetted at Berlin as German Minister to the Vatican.

THE Senate has passed a joint resolution appropriating \$10,000 for a monument over the grave of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello.

In a bicycle race at Boston last week, R. P. Ahl beat the best American record, making a mile in three minutes and five-eighths of a second.

ADELINA PATTI sailed from this port for Europe last week, taking with her \$175,000 as the result of her thirty-eight appearances in this country.

THE Denver (Col.) Board of Education has named an elegant new school building, now being erected, "The Longfellow," in honor of the dead poet.

CARDINAL HOWARD is designated by Leo XIII. to represent the Holy See at the coronation of Czar Alexander III. The Cardinal is an ex-Life Guardsman.

A CHICAGO clothing house has engaged Sergeant Mason as clerk at a salary of \$1,500 a year, the engagement to commence within thirty days after his release from prison.

MR. GEORGE I. SENEY has given \$15,000 to the Collegiate Institute at Hackensack, N. J., for the purpose of paying off the debt that was remaining, and the institute is now free.

THE President has nominated for Minister to Peru James R. Partridge, of Baltimore, who has served creditably during the past twenty years as Minister to Central America, Venezuela and Brazil.

MISS GRACE LIPPINCOTT, the only child of "Grace Greenwood," will make her American debut in opera next Winter. She is said to be charming in appearance and is credited with much musical ability.

OSCAR WILDE, upon his return to New York city, will give a final lecture upon art subjects apropos of his American tour and his reception in the mining districts. He will sail for England in about six weeks.

LONGFELLOW's will makes no public bequests, the bulk of the property being given to his children. Richard H. Dana, Jr., the executor named in the will, being dead, the poet's son Ernest will be made administrator.

THE late Lady Elizabeth Sumner Buckley, Mathew Fleming, of London, left a bequest of a thousand dollars to Phillips Academy, at Andover, Mass., to found a scholarship in memory of her son, Gerard, who was a pupil there.

REUBEN R. SPRINGER, the Cincinnati millionaire and patron of music, has made a fresh gift of \$40,000 to the city's College of Music as a contribution towards the erection of the new college building, the foundations of which are already laid.

MR. HENRY CLEWS, the banker, is one of the best informed and most successful members of the Stock Exchange, and is still a young man, although his hair has turned somewhat gray. He was recently elected a member of the Chicago Board of Trade.

BISHOP KEENE of Richmond can no longer either read or write, owing to the condition of his eyes, and is threatened with total blindness. During the Lenten season, however, he delivered a series of doctrinal discourses which attracted immense congregations.

CONGRESSMAN HUTCHINS of New York has introduced a Bill in the House appropriating \$50,000 for the erection of a monument in Tarrytown, N. Y., to commemorate the patriotism and public virtue of Paulding, Williams and Van Wart, the captors of André, the British spy.

FRANKLIN B. GOWEN, President of the Reading Railroad, sailed for Europe last week. Just before his departure he was presented by prominent citizens of Philadelphia with a magnificent silver vase, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his services in suppressing lawlessness in the coal regions.

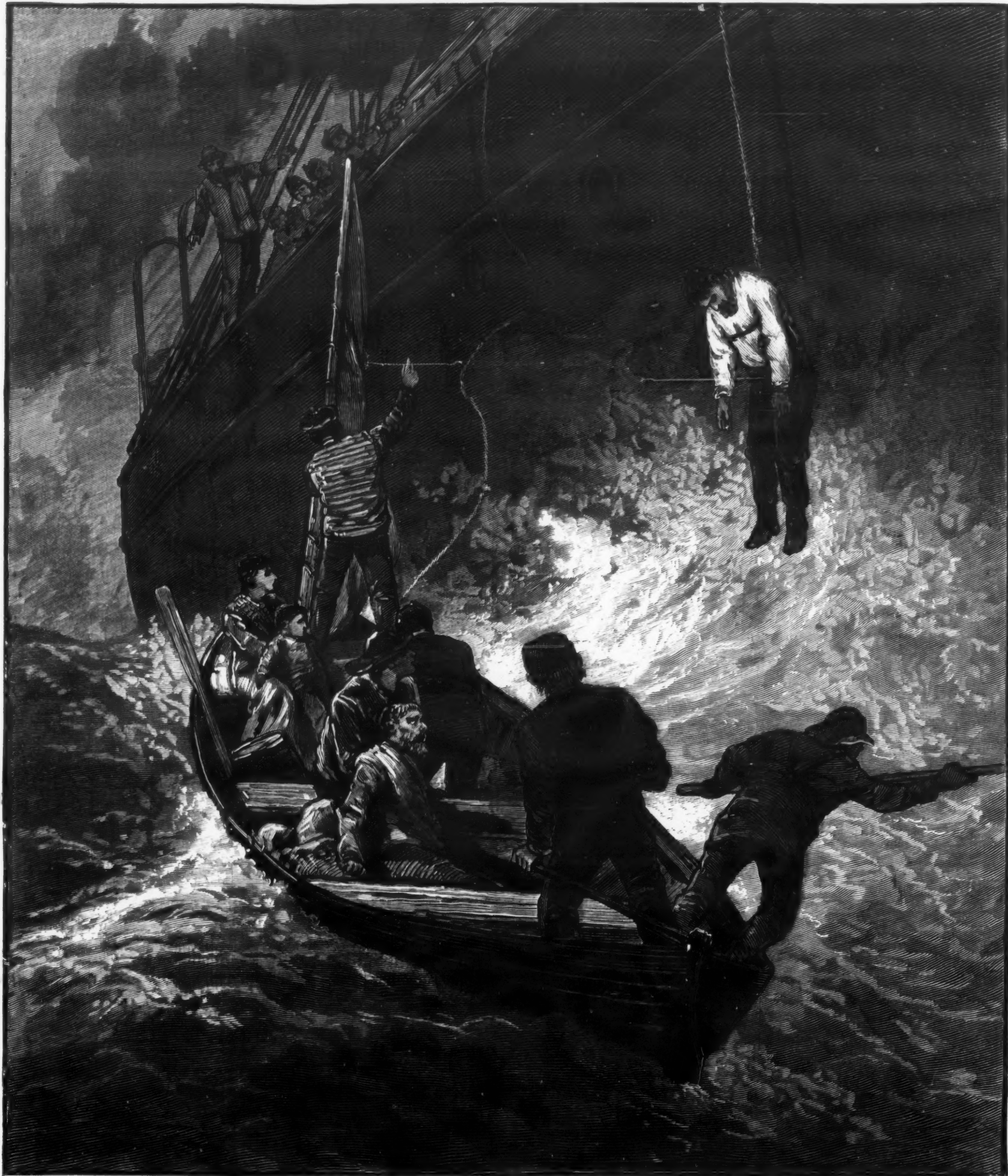
PROFESSOR GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, the Rhode Island litterateur, says that some six years ago he and Longfellow agreed to be each other's biographers, and from that time to this have kept this intention in view. The materials are abundant, particularly the family letters, all of which have been put at his disposal.

EX-DICTATOR PIEROLA has finally left Peru. The Peruvian Minister at Washington says the whole of Peru "is now firmly united—in spite of the persistent efforts of Pierola and the Chilians to destroy constitutional order—in the recognition of the constitutional Government of Calderon, represented by Vice-President Montero, who is also recognized by the whole of Peru."

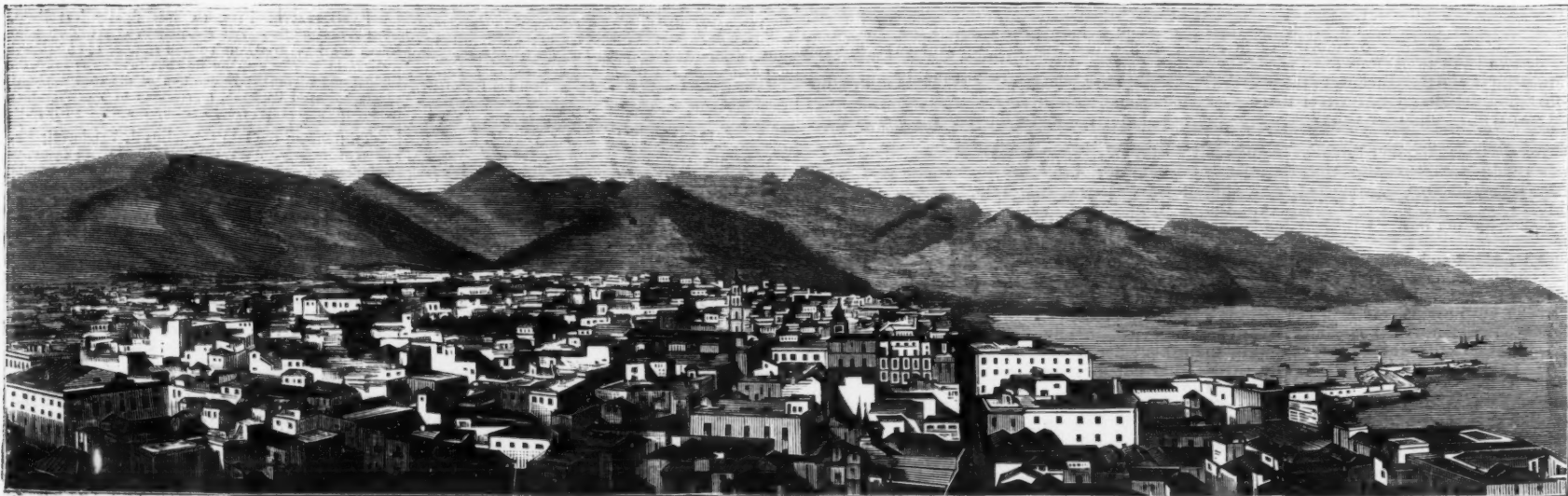
THE will of the late Cornelius J. Vanderbilt disposes of property valued at about \$500,000, and keeps his promise that no one bearing the Vanderbilt name should profit a penny by his death. George N. Terry, who is described as the testator's "faithful friend and companion for years," receives \$120,000, as well as the residue of the estate after bequests to a number of relatives and friends.

ALFRED CONKLING COXE, who has just been nominated for Judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of New York, is a nephew of Roscoe Conkling, and also of Bishop Cox of the Western Diocese of New York. Mr. Coxe graduated at Hamilton College, and read law with Mr. Conkling, whose partner he afterwards became in Utica, where he now resides. He is only about thirty-six years old.

THE publication of the authorized edition of the works of President Garfield has been entrusted to Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston. It will be carefully prepared and edited by President B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram College, Ohio, the lifelong friend of General Garfield, who was thoroughly familiar with the late President's habits and method of thought. The work is expected to be ready for publication in November next.



PERILS OF THE SEA.—RESCUE OF THE CASTAWAYS OF THE BRITISH SHIP "MILTON" BY THE STEAMER "NEWBERN," FEBRUARY 9TH.—SEE PAGE 123.



CANARY ISLANDS.—THE PORT OF SANTA CRUZ DE TENERIFFE, CAPITAL OF THE CANARIES.



HON. HENRY M. TELLER, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.
FROM A PHOTO. BY BELL.

HON. HENRY M. TELLER.

HON. HENRY M. TELLER, who has been appointed Secretary of the Interior, is a native of New York, having been born in Alleghany County, May 23d, 1830. After acquiring an education he studied law, and when twenty-eight years of age removed to Illinois, going thence in 1861 to Colorado, where he has ever since resided. Upon the admission of Colorado as a State, he was elected as a Republican to the United States Senate, taking his seat, December 4th, 1876, and being re-elected on the 11th of the same month for the long term. Up to his election to the Senate, he had never held any political office. He has been Chairman of the Committees on Pensions and on Civil Service and Retrenchment, and of the special committees on the Investigation of Elections in the Southern States, and the Introduction and Spread of Epidemic Diseases, and a member of the Committees on Claims, Railroads, and of that appointed to take into consideration the state of the law respecting the ascertaining and declaration of the result of the election of President and Vice-President of the United States. Mr. Teller's ability is undoubted, and his character entirely above reproach. He has been a conspicuous advocate of the unlimited coinage of silver, and his views on the Indian question are of a very positive character. Like many of the inhabitants of growing Western States which contain Indian reservations, he has no liking for the aborigines, and is unwilling that they should stand in the path of the white settler and miner. The mining interests, which must be considered in the department, have greatly expanded within a few years, and with these Mr. Teller is practically acquainted. He is the chief promoter of the movement to recover from the railroads such portions of their land grants as have not been earned in accordance with the terms of the original grants. As the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Pensions, he is necessarily familiar with the pension laws and the principles which underlie the present pension system, over which, as Secretary of the Interior, he will have control.

HON. WILLIAM H. HUNT.

UNITED STATES MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO RUSSIA.

WILLIAM H. HUNT, the new United States Minister to Russia, is a native of South Carolina, but his parents moved to Louisiana when he was a boy. He was educated at Yale College, studied and practiced law in New Orleans, gaining a brilliant position at the Louisiana Bar, and an especially large practice in commercial, mari-



HON. W. H. HUNT, U. S. MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO RUSSIA.

time and admiralty law. He was a well trained criminal lawyer, an able solicitor in chancery, and for some years professor of commercial and criminal law and the law of evidence in the New Orleans Law School. He was an old Whig before the war, and, like all his family, adhered to the Union cause when the rebellion broke out. For several years after the war he was a moderate Democrat, but ultimately joined the Republican Party and was elected Attorney General in 1876 on the Packard ticket, though he never filled the office, owing to the downfall of the Packard government. In 1877 he settled at Washington as a lawyer. In 1878 he was urged for the post of Collector of New Orleans, but was given instead a judgeship in the Court of Claims. He was recommended by the Bar of Louisiana, without distinction of party, for a seat on the Supreme Bench in place of Justice Strong, but the prize was awarded to Judge Woods. On President Garfield's accession to power he was made Secretary of the Navy. He is related by marriage to the Livingston family of Louisiana, originally from New York, and has a summer residence on the banks of the Hudson.

HON. M. D. BALL,

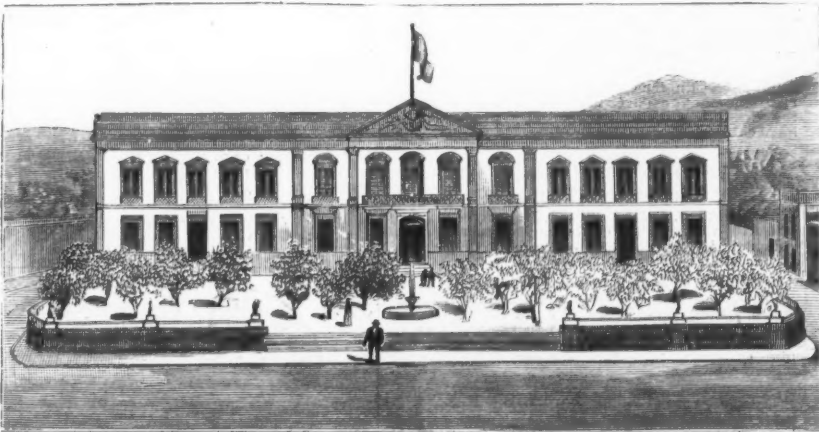
THE DELEGATE-ELECT FROM ALASKA.

WE give on this page a portrait of Hon. M. D. Ball, who since December last has been in Washington claiming admission to Congress as the duly chosen representative of the people of South-eastern Alaska. It will be remembered that the memorial of the people of the Territory was some time since presented to that body, and that on the 10th of March last the minority of the Committee on Elections submitted a report in favor of Mr. Ball's admission as a Delegate, with all the rights and privileges of Delegates from other Territories. In support of this conclusion the report says: "The interests of this Territory cannot be properly understood or advanced without an authorized representative. To be competent for such a charge, one must thoroughly understand the wants of his people, and no member of this House has the time to acquaint himself with the needs of another district than his own, so that he could fully and fairly represent it. Still less can the care of a district be safely intrusted to the collective House. There is but one way to begin to discharge the obligation of the Government to this people, and that is to accord them, at once, the privilege here claimed, as one of those which were pledged them by treaty and are due them of right, and that one which they show to be primarily essential for the proper presentation of their claims to such others as may be required." Whether Congress will finally adopt the view here stated is yet to be seen.

Hon. M. D. Ball, who appears as Delegate, was born on the 23d day of June, 1835, in Fairfax County, Virginia. He was educated at the Episcopal High School, near Alexandria, and at William and Mary College, receiving the degree of Master of Arts from the latter institution. He then taught school until the war broke out. He raised a



HON. M. D. BALL, DELEGATE FROM ALASKA.
FROM A PHOTO. BY DILLON.



CANARY ISLANDS.—THE PALACE OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL AT SANTA CRUZ.

company of cavalry, after the John Brown raid, and was mustered into the Confederate service, April 25th, 1861, and ordered to Alexandria. He was captured, with part of his company, when that town was occupied by the Federal forces in May, 1861, owing to orders given him to stay behind and remove stores, under a supposed agreement under flag of truce. Being exchanged at the first regular cartel, September, 1862, he reorganized his company, and was assigned to the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry of Jones's, afterwards Rosser's, command. He saw continued service from that time, was three times wounded, and at the close of the war was colonel of his regiment. Retiring to civil life, he practiced law in Alexandria from 1865 to 1872, then founded the *Virginia Sentinel*, and conducted it as an independent political paper successfully till 1876. In that year he took a strong stand for the Republican party nominees, which caused the downfall of the paper, by the withdrawal of all its valuable local patronage. In January, 1878, he was appointed Collector of Customs for Alaska, and held the office till removed by President Garfield, June 2d, 1881. In September last he was chosen to represent Alaska in Congress, having received 236 votes to 57 for another candidate.

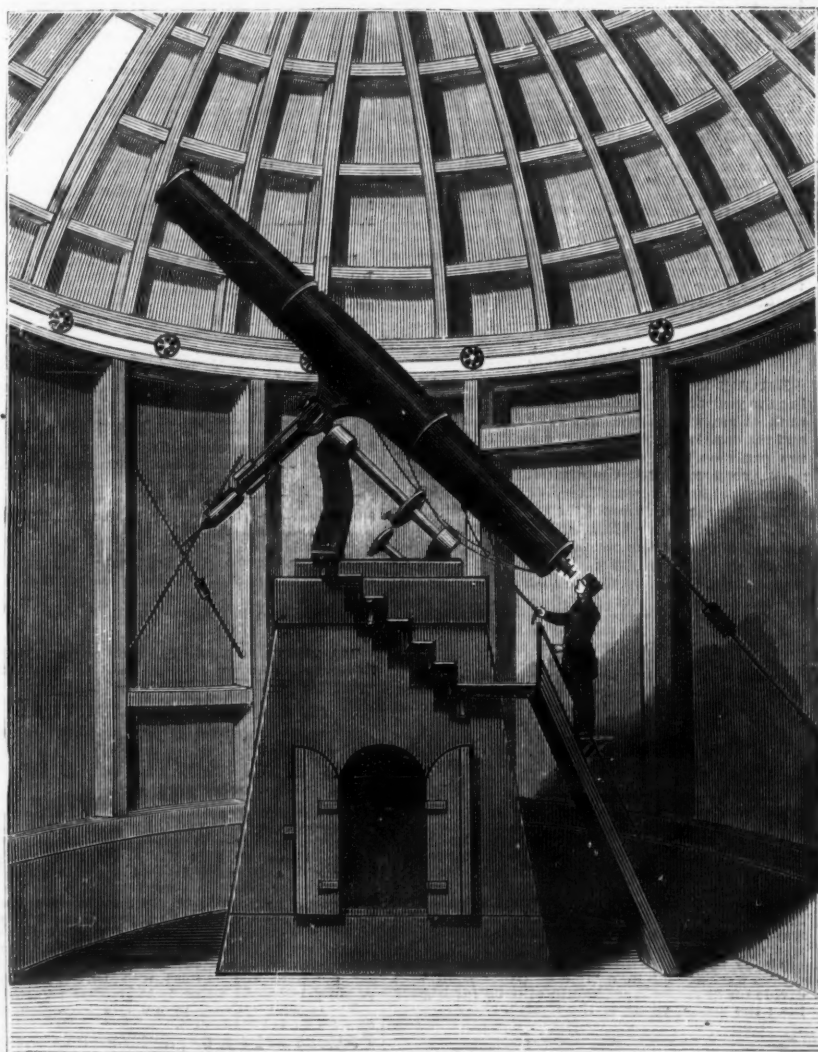
PORT OF SANTA CRUZ, CANARY ISLANDS.

THE Canary Islands were more famous in the olden time than now. They were the Fortunate Isles of the ancients, the abode of all happiness. They are now a quiet, happy Spanish province, with a flavor of Andalusia. The towns are more attractive than those of smaller size on the Peninsula, and people look

more thriving and cultivated. Santa Cruz, on the Island of Tenerife, is the capital, having long contested the honor with Las Palmas on the Grand Canary; the other noteworthy towns being Laguna and Orotava, both on Tenerife. Santa Cruz has fine streets, houses dazzling white, set in charming gardens. Its port is safe and spacious, its public buildings, the Captain-General's palace, the Gobierno Civil Theatre, market, hospital and churches, are well-built and solid, but by no means florid in their architecture. The parks and public walks are very attractive, and a Belgian traveler exalts the Alameda del Principe near the Church of St. Francis, over the Prado at Madrid or the Casinos of Florence. It is lined with laurels from India which are as tall and sturdy as the oaks of our forests. There are also the Alameda de Weyler, the Alameda del Muelle. Santa Cruz has a library, an Academy of Fine Arts, a scientific cabinet very rich in anthropological collections, and a nautical school.

A GREAT TELESCOPE.

WE illustrate this week one of the most famous telescopes in the world—that in the Naval Observatory at Washington. The construction of this telescope was authorized by Congress in 1870, and the aperture was made twenty-six inches—a size previously unequalled. The disks of glass were obtained from Birmingham, England, and the grinding was begun in January, 1872, the work being done so thoroughly that it was not completed until the following October. The telescope was mounted in the Observatory in 1874, and to persons at all interested in astronomy it constitutes one of the attractions of the capital.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE GREAT TELESCOPE IN THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

Paper Napkins.

PAPER NAPKINS are not new, but they are coming into greater use all the while, and in some places have displaced other kinds. Of course they can be used but once; but the cost of washing a linen napkin is more than the cost of the paper napkin. The best quality sells for a cent apiece, and lower grades for about two-thirds of a cent. They come from Japan, and are plain and ornamented. Red, blue, green, and other colored borders, with corner embellishment, are added to nearly all of them. The paper napkin is also adapted to the use of a pocket-handkerchief.

Savings-banks in Egypt.

NATIVE Egyptians, whenever they save any money at all, are fond of burying it in the earth. Last August the Egyptian branch of the Imperial Ottoman Bank attempted to found a savings-bank system, and started it by opening small banks in Cairo and Alexandria. It has published a report of the results of the undertaking, from which it appears that the Alexandria Bank has obtained fifty-two depositors and \$6,000 in money, and the bank of Cairo seventy depositors, with deposits of \$11,000. Recently there was a large increase of business, and hope is strengthened that the plan will succeed.

Russia's Advance Towards India.

RUSSIA is pushing outwards her Asian frontier with remarkable steadiness and persistency. The late treaty with Persia fixing the northern boundary of Persian possessions shows how far the Russians have made good their road towards India. The deserts and the desert tribes that intervene between the Russian territory and the frontier of Afghanistan are no longer serious obstacles in the way of a hostile advance. The distance has been reduced so that a march of 300 miles will bring Russian troops to the battleground where England must make her stand for the security of her Asiatic empire.

Two Consulates in a Hot Climate.

MR. JOHN H. WILSON, who was recently appointed Consul at Bremen, is by this appointment simply transferred from Panama to his old post, where he was for three years—from 1873 to 1876. He went from there to Hamburg, where he remained for another three years, and from there to Panama. The Consulship at Panama is the best in point of salary by about \$1,000; but Mr. Wilson says he would not live in Panama for \$20,000 a year. "It is down there, under the tropical sun," he said, "where there are graves of five Consuls, and nothing but discomfort." His successor there will be Mr. Scroggs, formerly Minister to Colombia. As Mr. Wilson was recently speaking of the graves of Consuls, Mr. Pulvermacher, of Tennessee, Consul at Maracaibo, Venezuela, came up and said: "At my post there are thirty-three graves of Consuls, and there is, if one can judge of the heat, but a thin partition between there and h—ades." Mr. Pulvermacher is soon to return to his red-hot post, where he is, apparently, the only Consul who can keep out of a grave. He is not only United States Consul, but fills the same office for England, France and Germany.

Surgery Aiding Music.

PIANO players have always experienced trouble in obtaining a free movement of the third or "ring" finger. To become a proficient performer on the instrument, it is necessary to have free use of this member, and to attain this end one must practice for years. A Philadelphia music-teacher recently induced a mulatto in his employ—a performer of some brilliancy on the piano—to undergo a surgical operation designed to overcome this difficulty. The arrangement of the tendons of the third finger differs materially from that of the others. The upper or extensor tendon is connected on each side with the tendons of the second and the little finger by two smaller or accessory tendons. This acts like a marionette, and holds the finger down so completely that nothing but constant strain will loosen the pressure. Dr. William S. Forbes, professor of anatomy at the Jefferson Medical College, made two small openings in the back of the left hand and on each side of the extensor tendon, and divided the accessory tendon on each side. The finger was at once released, and immediately after the operation the young man was able to raise the finger and describe an arc of a circle one and one-half inches greater than he could before. The hand was perfectly well in a week, and the young man has the free use of all his fingers. So much more freedom has been given to the member by the operation that the other hand will be subjected to the same operation shortly.

The Suez Canal.

RETURNS of business done by the Suez Canal during the year recently closed are not without interest at this time, when Egyptian affairs are in a bad way and the canal shares have been a marked feature of the panic on the Paris Bourse. The year was the most prosperous that the company had yet seen, the receipts having been 51,080,335 francs, which is 11,239,866 francs in excess of the receipts for the year 1890. The number of English vessels that passed through the canal was not only larger than the total for all other nations, it was nearly four times as large as that total; and the English percentage also showed an increase over the former year. The number of English ships was 2,256. France ranked next, but she had only 109 ships—about one-twentieth what England had. Then came Holland, with 70 ships; Austria, with 65; Italy, with 51; Spain, with 46; and Germany, with 40. Egypt had only 11—the same number that Turkey had; Norway had 10 and China 4. Ten years ago the amount of coal supplied at Port Said was 126,000 tons; last year it was 506,000 tons, or four times as much; and while the British proportion of the tonnage in 1871 was 64 per cent. of the total, last year it was 82. Of share prices some equally interesting figures are printed. With a nominal value of 500 francs, they had fallen in 1863 to 220 francs. In 1869, the year the canal was opened, they rose to 663 francs; in 1880 they had reached 715 francs, and before the year closed had touched 1,327 francs. They advanced to 1,700 francs in June of the following year, and between that month and January last went rapidly on to the highest point they ever reached—3,500 francs, to fall ere the middle of the month came on to 2,100 francs. Last year the dividend paid on these shares was 9 per cent.; for the present year it will probably be 12, so that 2,100 francs, a point to which the shares were forced in a time of panic, even with dividends of 12 per cent., would still be far higher than the actual value of the shares.

The "Longfellow Jug," combining the words and portrait of the great poet, is delivered, free of express charges, at any place in the United States, by RICHARD BRIGGS, of Boston. The price is only five dollars.

FUN.

WONDER if grass widows ever have hay fever?

THE richest men are oftenest pressed for money—by other people.

HARMLESS COLLISION.—When two "trains of thought" run into each other.

NEVER cry over spilt milk. The milkman has already wasted enough water on it.

THE man who could not find words to express his feelings was too poor to purchase a dictionary.

THE man who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep" must have slept between sheets of water.

PATIENTS do more for doctors than doctors can do for patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.

PEOPLE are for ever talking of laying up something for a rainy day, when they know well enough that it is the fine days that bankrupt the purse.

THE old gentleman is snoring the snore of the virtuous in his easy-chair. His youthful grandson rushes to his mother. "Oh, ma, grandpa is in the parlor—sleeping right out loud!"

"NEVER milk while the cow is eating," is the advice of a bucolic contemporary. Judging from the character of much of the milk that comes to market, it would be more to the point never to milk while the cow is drinking.

A RAILROAD engineer saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that. "Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would if it didn't smoke so much."

SAID Brown, grandiloquently, "I have no money to give to any of these public calls. My duty is nearer. I must support those whom I hold dear." "Yes," replied Fogg, "I understand. You mean to say that you are like the Auburn prison—self-supporting, you know."

"SIMPLY WONDERFUL!"

THE following is an extract from a letter received July 6th, 1890, from which it will be seen that COMPOUND OXYGEN did a work which, to use the patient's own language, is "simply wonderful!" He says: "Since I wrote you last (about five weeks ago) I have gained fourteen pounds in weight, and my general health has improved accordingly. I have just finished the Treatment which you sent April 12th, and the work which it has done is simply wonderful. I did not tell you before, that my physicians had just given me up. Such was the case. Six weeks ago I was so weak that I could scarcely walk across the floor. The other day I walked three miles!" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. DR. STARKER & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN NERVOUS DEBILITY.

DR. EDWIN F. VOSE, Portland, Me., says: "I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

HUNDREDS of men, women and children rescued from beds of pain, sickness and almost death, and made strong and hearty by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, are the best evidences in the world of its sterling worth. You can find these in every community.—*Post.* See advertisement.

THE FAT BOY IN PICKWICK

PROBABLY had good teeth, seeing that he so speedily demolished the most substantial provender on the shortest notice. Nothing, excepting a good appetite, so conduces to the pleasures of eating as a good set of grinders. To possess them use SOZODONT, the great dental invigorator and beautifying agent. Yellow, tartar-covered teeth grow pearly white, and the gums acquire ruddiness and form a pleasing contrast to the snowy hue of the teeth, when it is used.

SARA JEWETT.

MR. RIKER; UNION SQUARE THEATRE, N. Y. I am pleased to add my testimony as to the excellence of your FACE POWDER. SARA JEWETT.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

THE thing desired found at last. Ask druggists for ROUGH ON RATS. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bedbugs; 15c. boxes.

IF your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wineglassful of ANGSTURA BITTERS half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

LADIES who appreciate elegance and purity are using PARKER'S HAIN BALM. It is the best article sold for restoring gray hair to its original color and beauty.

DON'T OVERFEED YOUR INFANT.

GIVE it moderate quantities, at proper intervals, of ANGLO-SWISS MILK-FOOD. Excellent for invalids.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE leaves the skin soft, smooth, pliable and beautiful. Use PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE TOILET SOAP.

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish; sold only in bottle, unrivaled by any for family use.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50c. At all Druggists.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in this only (1/4 lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

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